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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Thing of Beauty Not a Joy Forever—And with Plays, too, the First Law is Transition—They Have a Fitness to their Time—The Old Ones are Resuscitated, Like the Back Files of the Newspaper, for Facts, Not for Emotions—A Bit of a Sermon for the Women—Lester Wallack's Relationship to the Theatre in this City—The Changes that Time Brings in Taste and Other Conditions—The Movement of the Drama.

I suppose actors belong to their seasons like fruits and flowers, and ought to be picked while they are ripe.

When you undertake to preserve them and keep them over they have the quality of canned goods.

Certainly one of the subtle charms of fruits and flowers is their fitness to the time and place. The violet in November is an impertinence and a monstrosity, like a vocalist in a burlesque company. The rose that blooms at Christmas has a hot-house flavor, like a society amateur. It belonged in June.

Fancy a rose that insisted on blooming all through the seasons. Couldn't be persuaded to wither and decay. Stayed there through sleet and blast.

One of the greatest mistakes ever made is to suppose that in the realms of nature or the theatre a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

It's sad, sweet charm is that it is evanescent.

Only once get it into your head that there is some merit in not staying—that it would be impertinent and selfish to stay, and a good many things will take on a new meaning. Beauty's first law is transition. The moment you stop it you make a mummy or a museum of it.

Your lilies perish, as they should. Your jasmine sends out its airy messages of love, curls up and dies. Your sunflower lifts its royal head and bends it to its God in the early Autumn with a sumptuous beauty, but hang it up to keep in the garret, and it becomes a black mass of mummied seeds. It was part of those mellow days when the golden-rod fringed the stone fences, and the smoky haze lay on the meadows where the feathered seeds were flying. You can't make it part of any thing else.

It's so with plays. I suppose Aristophanes was the Boucault of his time. Does it occur to you that his plays have been snatched from the meadow of performance and put into the herbarium of classic literature? Try and play Nathan the Wise. Once it was popular. Try some of the melodramas of your childhood. If your childhood is far enough away. How about The Flowers of the Forest and The Actress of Padua, and Jane Shore and The Iron Chest? They were the Shaughrauns, the Monte Cristos, the East Lynnes of their time. What's the matter with them now? Why will not Toodles set the town roaring as it once did? How is it The Serious Family, that once convulsed everybody, has got to be too infernally serious to touch? And if anybody were to play George Loder's Serious Family polka, that once chirruped on every body's lips, people would vote it dull, just as they voted Julien's Katydid polka dull when it was revived.

There must have been some fitness in these things to the time. They must have been the outcome of their season, adapted to the sunshine and humidity of that hour and touched the mood of the moments. To resuscitate them is like reading the back files of a daily paper. Nobody does it for emotions, only for facts.

Music and drama have their graveyards. Antiquaries will wander among them and copy the old epitaphs. But at the best it is a melancholy pursuit.

I believe that the songs of a people belong only to their era. You can't get anybody to hum "Ben Bolt" or "Sally in Our Alley" now. Stephen Foster's melodies and Howard Glover's madrigals blossomed along the Springtime of their epoch and then died.

Nothing is so pedantically dull and pragmatic and didactic as a concert of old music.

It appeals to scholarship, not to emotions. It's like an old woman describing the May days of the past. What you are interested in is the Mayday of the present.

Sum it all up in the newspaper phrase, and things of mere beauty have got to go.

You can't stop 'em. Women do tie their pansies with a ribbon, and pen them in a book, and write under them, "A sweet day at Lake George," or "that dewy hour in the gloaming."

But, Lord bless you! the sweet days have dawned and declined and the pansies have sprung under other loyer's feet in the gloaming, and the dance of life and death went on just the same.

But I hear you say—you red lipped, shallow-souled darling—"some things do live and stay."

Do they? What are they?

You are a flower yourself. I suppose you think you are going to stay, don't you?

Well, I wouldn't like to fix your duration unless I knew exactly what you are doing. If it's heavy lead I'll give you a long season. If it's burlesque you are an annual.

The only way that I know of to make mere

fustling with a silken sadness, ghostlike in the rear.

Forgive me for firing this bit of a sermon at you. You women lord it over us so with your beauty that it is a delight to remind you of its limitations.

We go and look at you when you dance and sing. You are like the little red strawberry that swings in the spice grass, low down and odorless.

We can't help smiling to ourselves because we know you were made to be eaten, or to dry up.

Well, I've run away somewhat from my thought. There are plays that are perennial, you will tell me, and you are thinking while you do so of The School for Scandal at Wallack's, and Hamlet for Wallack.

I grant you this, but the interest is no longer in the play but in the actors. Every role in the School for Scandal and in Hamlet

It isn't possible to call him a popular actor, as that word goes.

If you want popular actors commend me to men like John McCullough. Lester Wallack had too much stuff in him to be a popular pet. He was never any more than the pet of his own set. Whenever he went out of New York he seemed to get away from his *clientelle*. Most of the Boston people wondered what we saw in him. But those same people wondered what there was in the Sistine Madonna, when they went to Rome, and one of them has just placed himself on record as saying, after a cursory glance at Raphael: "As for me, give me Prang's chickens."

One generation had grown up with Wallack. All that was best in the stock company of our past was associated with him. They never forgot his splendid romanticism in The Captain of the Watch or his superb loss of identity in Rosedale.

the past. All that is clever and unique, and bright and romantic, appertains to the period that is closed. Elliot Grey is done. No one can revive Rosedale except as a curiosity, and no one can run a theatre now as Wallack ran it, because the methods have changed, as well as the tastes.

Wallack belonged to a particular period of our theatrical development. And if we could revive him as he was twenty-five years ago we might recognize his ability and admire his skill, but we could not revive the conditions that made him *sui generis*.

These are considerations that are worth heeding when we hear so much about the historic and the classic past. I think, myself, that the normal play-house, no less than the players, is the brief abstract and chronicle of the time. We may take a student interest in Moliere and Schiller, but it will not be the play-goer's interest. Themes press upon us that neither Schiller nor Moliere dreamed of, and there are some new duties resting on the play-house that Goethe and Lessing could not anticipate. It is wheeling up a little closer to some of the live agencies about it that do not make altogether for entertainment.

The epicurean taste of Colonel Ingersoll, who appears to regard pleasure as the end of being, does not correctly reflect the broader taste of our day. And all arguments for the necessity of amusement is met by the one stern fact that neither God nor Nature, so far as we can discern, has made any provision for merely professional amusers.

They must be something more to have excuse for living.

They must illuminate some of our problems, betray some of the secrets we forever hide from each other in life, paint some of the evils that gaudily cajole us, portray character as it should be and not as it is, and thus fix our ideal for us.

To do all this the drama must go on and not look backward.

NYM CRINKLE.

Joseph Murphy's Season.

Joseph Murphy was encountered by a MINOR representative hurrying down Broadway. Mr. Murphy looked healthy, happy and hearty, and spoke in a cheerful strain when asked as to the season which is nearing its end.

"I am more than satisfied with this year's work," he said, "my season, which does not come to a close, by the way, until June somewhere in this State, has been well up to the standard, if not above it, and I have nothing whatever to complain of. Instead of spending the Summer this year angling for the nimble trout, I shall go, as soon as work is over, to California on private business matters. I have not been there for five years, and as I have stock farms and vineyards in the country of the glorious climate, which I usually leave to the care of a man out there, I don't think a little attention to them from me will do any harm."

"It is more than probable that I shall return here about September 1, and as I do not start out on my next season's tour until some time in October, I shall thus have abundant time to devote to getting ready. I do not propose to change my repertoire next season at all. This year I had the Kerry Gow, Shann Rhoe, and The Donagh, and the bill will be the same next year. The latter play has met with a wonderful success all over. Indeed, it has made such a fine impression all over the country that after next season I think that I shall do nothing else. As I said before, I shall produce no new plays next season at all. I read a number of new productions, but I never try one unless I believe that it comes up to the Kerry Gow. What is the use of my trying new plays, anyhow, when there is no diminution in the success of that play? It is now in its eleventh year, and you can believe me implicitly when I tell you that it draws as well as ever it did."

The Cairo (Ill.) correspondent of THE MINOR tells the following on a prominent star: "Milton Nobles, the actor, is a trifle bow-legged Monday afternoon he and some of the members of his company were in the Opera House arranging the scenery, etc., for the night's performance, when the ubiquitous small boy strolled in. 'What do you want here, boy?' demanded Nobles, sternly. 'Oh, nothin',' said the boy. 'I'm just lookin' round.' 'Well, you had better clear out.' The boy looked quizzically at Nobles' legs. 'Strike me,' he said, 'that you better git out an' go to some tailor an' have yer legs pressed.' The actor laughed good naturedly. 'I guess, you may stay awhile, my son.' 'Thanks, father.' And the boy went on 'lookin'."



EDNA CAREY.

personal beauty a joy forever is to have it fade out in its season, and not hang on after other seasons have robbed it.

Fancy what a joy Lillian Russell would be to the imagination if she had executed an apotheosis when she was waxen and sylph like instead of blooming on till she got fat and flaccid.

The only way that Clara Louise Kellogg could have remained a joy was to have stopped when she was.

That sounds paradoxical, doesn't it?

No, my azure-eyed darling, you are a thing of beauty, but I'll be hanged for a horse thief if you will be a joy forever on that basis. You've got June and July. August will bring cosmetics and September will take some of its gold out of your hair and put it in your teeth. October will have ashen mornings and wierd, wet afternoons, and November will find you

is a test and a comparison. You do not go to be interested in the story, but to see how Sir Peter will rank or Lady Teazle will catalogue. You carry your standard and ideal with you. You saw so and so do it in '34 and all that sort of thing. The excellence of the player has become by accumulated tradition of technical interest.

Actors are like wives in this respect. To be lastingly loved they must have something more than beauty. The amusement lovers are wooers. The patrons of the drama are husbands. They have grown into an affection that is not stirred by mere external charm.

I suppose Lester Wallack was in his time the handsomest man on the American stage. What an Apollo head he had when he was thirty! (Mind you he is a handsome man yet.) But the theatrical world is going to pay him an unique tribute for some other reason. It is a recognition of his record.

Another generation arrived to find his name a record in itself. For years it was the swiftest thing to go to Wallack's. There one was sure to see only the best people and the best acting. No other theatre could at that time quite create the same atmosphere in itself. A long line of clever people had given their traditions to the house, and by and when Wallack was the only one left, he somehow seemed to be indissolubly associated with them.

He became in time as completely a feature of New York, as the Seventh Regiment or the original Jacobs or the ailanthus trees. Our Western friends always went to see him when they came to town, because he was the one fixture that never came to see them. And when in his later career he fell into the star tour they resented it somewhat.

The honest and impartial historian must acknowledge that Mr. Wallack now belongs to

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—HELENE.

Maurice Clermont..... E. H. Vanderfelt
Raymond de Serene..... R. J. Dillon
Achilles..... C. H. Bradshaw
Lord Carisford..... Nick Long
Siror Giacomo Corari..... Frank M. Kendrick
Teddy Smith..... H. Wood Bruce
Monsieur de Tour..... Missie Seligman
Helene Buderoff..... Jane Stuart
Lady Carisford..... Blanche Weaver
Madame Clermont..... Ethel Douglas

Helene, a drama by Miss M. Morton, hitherto unknown to fame, had a tentative production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening last, and achieved a deserved success. To say that Helene is a great play would be an unwise assertion. To say that it is bad, would be to show an unripe if not incompetent judgment, for it possesses elements that would give a charm to some of our best-established successes. Some of the incidents and effects are thoroughly original, and for this alone Miss Morton should be entitled to credit, which several of the censors of the press had not the gallantry to award her. Like all first efforts there is a redundancy of dialogue and much explanatory narrative, and one or two characters might be eliminated to advantage, but these do not disturb the story, which is interesting and not at all improbable.

Helene Buderoff (Minnie Seligman) is a misunderstood woman throughout. She is a reigning Parisian belle, and has many suitors—notably one Baron Achilles (R. J. Dillon), a rich but very sick man, whose room-friend is Maurice Clermont (E. H. Vanderfelt), a young physician, who loves Helene, and in return is beloved and accepted by her. The suit is disapproved by his mother, Madame Clermont (Ethel Douglas), who, in a stormy interview with Helene, reminds her that she is the daughter of a fugitive from justice; that her name and reputation are a by-word in questionable Parisian circles, and altogether through her father's errors she must be looked upon as a thoroughly unworthy creature. In an adjoining saloon the same story is being poured into the ears of her lover by his club associates, and he makes his appearance in a frantic state of mind just as his mother concludes her story. Simultaneously Baron Achilles appears. Though his honor is at stake, Clermont still loves the beautiful Helene, and offers to marry her in defiance of his mother's wishes. But Helene, smarting under Madame Clermont's reprimand, and rather than cause her lover one pang throws herself into the arms of Achilles and consents to become his wife. This scene is exceptionally strong, and brought the characters before the curtain several times.

One year elapses, and the married couple are evidently on good terms, if not absolutely happy. Dr. Clermont is still the physician of Achilles, and as that gentleman is in a very precarious state of health, the physician's presence is necessary most of the time. The marriage of Helene has not stifled her love for Clermont, nor his for her, and after a tender interview, in a most indiscreet paroxysm, they throw themselves into each other's arms. The Baron enters—fortunately after they have separated. Raymond de Serene, a cousin of the Baron, also appears upon the scene at this juncture. He is also violently in love with Helene, but manages to conceal it. He is evidently waiting for Achilles to die, in order, if possible, to step into his shoes, but the gentleman is not accommodating, and Raymond determines to hasten his death, so he brings with him a powder identical in appearance to those which Dr. Clermont is administering. While Helene holds the glass, ignorant of the change, Raymond drops the poison into it, and in a short time the Baron is a corpse. Raymond now pleads his suit with enthusiasm, which Helene indignantly rejects, and orders him from the house. Smarting under her refusal and contempt, he discloses more of her past life, as Clermont enters and hears it. He believes Raymond's story, cruelly rebukes her, and says that either he or Raymond must die then and there. The motive for death here seems a trifle weak, but the interest is sustained by the device adopted for the taking of one or the other. The name of each is written upon a piece of paper, and they, with other blank pieces folded in the same manner, are placed upon a table. The afflicted Helene is forced to make her selection with her back to the table. The man whose name she picks out shall live—the other must die. The scene aroused the audience to a state of enthusiasm, involving as it did the element of suspense. She opened each piece of paper separately, and the third one disclosed the name of Clermont. Raymond accepts the conditions, and retires. A pistol-shot is heard, and he is reported dead.

In the next and last act Raymond is lingering between life and death, with Clermont in attendance. Before expiring he makes a full confession, exonerating Helene from the cruel charges brought against her, and painting her as an example of purity and devotion. This confession joins the young and loving couple. An underplot, which is not given here, affords considerable comedy, which, in truth, is not up to the standard of the serious portions of the play, but it served to relieve the somberness of the story. With some judicious pruning and trimming, and acted by a thoroughly capable company, there is little doubt that Helene would prove successful.

The characters were not capably rendered. Miss Seligman evinced some dramatic talent and dressed superbly, but was far below the requirements of the part, as was every mem-

ber of the cast, if we may except Nick Long, who gave a capital Italian impersonation.

Manager Eugene Tompkins can be congratulated on having scored a hit with the piece selected for the opening of his regime on Tuesday at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. H. Grattan Donnelly's musical farce, entitled Natural Gas, was the play presented, and in the hands of a clever company of vaudeville artists employed in its portrayal it achieved a hearty and, as far as the individual performers were concerned, well-merited success. Natural Gas is a piece of the order now pretty generally known as "Hoyt pieces." Almost plotless, without any literary pretensions, but brimful of amusing surprises and funny situations, constructed for "laughing purposes only." Such works, when entrusted to the care of brilliant and capable artists, rarely fail to succeed in accomplishing their principal aim. Audiences are captured, forced out of their staid and sober propriety, and compelled to laugh and applaud that which in itself is the veriest trash.

Natural Gas is a piece of this kind, but infinitely better than anything turned out by Hoyt. From the manifestations of approval evinced by the large audience present at its initial performance here, its author, actors and managers should certainly feel pleased. Mr. Craven, who played the part usually assumed by John D. Gilbert on account of the latter's illness, H. V. Donnelly, and Eddie Girard, carried off the comic honors, and in certain specialties, songs, dances, parodies, and imitations of well known actors, were rewarded with tumultuous applause and repeated recalls. The acrobatic acting, droll mannerism, general and well-sustained humor of Girard caused incessant merriment, and established that gentleman as first favorite from the start.

Amy Ames, who played the role of a poor Irish scrub-woman, who becomes suddenly enriched and develops into an Hibernian Mrs. Malaprop, was exceedingly droll and comical. A Miss Yohe, a sweet-faced girl, with a strong, rich contralto voice, sang several songs most acceptably; and Jennie Yeaman, although allotted a small part, did all required of her to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Her quaint dancing excited a furore. In fact, the entire cast was good—of its kind. The merriment was sometimes a little boisterous, but nearly always genuine and—never the result of vulgarity. Natural Gas will probably be turned on at the Fifth Avenue for some time to come. It's an undoubted hit.

A Possible Case seems to have lost nothing in its transfer to the Madison Square. It is still the same puzzling, impossible farrago of whimsical nonsense, which, charged a little more in text and acting, would almost give it rank with the classic Gilbertian absurdities. As before, the really best work is done by Messrs. Kennedy and Thompson. The former, though a bit vulgar—and the much married Brinkerhoff is hardly a very lofty personage—is delightfully unctuous. His fun has the priceless quality of spontaneity, and a certain simplicity of drollery, unlike the dry, spasmodic, jerky quality of one or two of our popular comedians. Thompson, in make-up and dialect, is, as near as may be, perfect. There may be some doubt as to a certain tipsy flavor he infuses into his villainy; but, on the whole, this picture of the brutal, cowardly, sneaking "greaser," Mendoza, is one of the best things seen here for years. Though only a ten-line part it deserves to be ranked with the exquisitely finished Chevalier of Felix Morris in The Game of Cards.

At Niblo's on Monday night Held by the Enemy played a fair-sized audience. William Gillette played Ben, the correspondent, in his customary manner. Viola Allen made a natural and impressive Rachel, and Minnie Dupres as Susan was delightfully breezy and, consequently, refreshing. The other characters were played by Charles W. Stokes, James E. Wilson, William Haworth, Joseph Humphreys, H. A. Morey and Kate Denis Wilson. Clara Morris next week.

Nat C. Goodwin as Goliath in Lend Me Five Shillings and Caraway Bones in Turned Up attracted a large and enthusiastic audience to the Grand Opera House on Monday night. Both pieces were presented in a creditable manner, and Mr. Goodwin's amusing characterizations were greeted with boisterous laughter and applause. Next week the neighborhood of Eighth avenue and Twenty third street will acquire an atmosphere of classicism. Hoyt's literary masterpiece A Hole in the Ground will be there.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE—CASPER THE YODLER.

Casper the Yodler..... Charles T. Ellis
Sir Robert Swanton..... G. F. Gupitill
Patrick Macgilluddy..... C. F. McCarthy
Nicholas Nettle..... L. Eddinger
Happy Jack Harper..... J. K. Redmond
Lettie Lennox..... Clara Moore
Lady Mary Swanton..... Clara Baker
Miss Mabel Travers..... Daisy Wood
Morning Lark..... Baby Wood
Emil..... Wally Eddinger
Bob Mainstay..... Henry Powers

Casper the Yodler, which has had a prosperous career of some length upon the road, was played on Monday night at the People's, before a moderate sized but highly-pleased audience. The title role is assumed by Charles T. Ellis, who has not been seen in New York for some time. The secret of the play's popularity was at once manifest in the lightness and charm of the comedian's acting and the ex-

cellence of his German dialect as the wandering minstrel and protection of two little children. The sweet and almost womanly affection with which the lighthearted young Casper "Mutter und vater und schwester und der whole families" to the little tot Morning Lark put the house at once in complete sympathy with him. The character is rather that of an idealized and rare phase of human nature with much pretensions and some humor in it, than a pure comedy part, and it was admirably done. Mr. Ellis possesses a remarkably clear and pleasing voice which he uses to the best effect in the many songs dispersed throughout the piece.

The two children, Wally Eddinger as Emil, and Baby Wood as Morning Lark, who with Caspar form the principal features of the piece, played with an unusual amount of dramatic ability, for their age. They were decidedly clever. Charles McCarthy showed much vivacity as an Irish dialect comedian in the part of Patrick Macgilluddy. Among the male members of the cast, G. F. Gupitill as Sir Robert Swanton, Lawrence Eddinger as Nettle, C. Redmond as Jack Harper, and Henry Powers as Bob Mainstay, were acceptable. The ladies included Clara Moore as Lettie Lennox, Clara Baker as Mary Swanton, and Daisy Wood as Mabel Travers, and all did conscientious work. Next week James A. Herne in his new play, Drifting Apart.

At the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night, Lost in London was played before a good-sized audience. Newton Beers as Job Armoyd displayed the manly force which has identified him with the part of the sturdy Lancashire miner. He was called twice before the curtain. Frances Field acted the heroine, Nellie, and her efforts were in harmony with the requirements of the role. The comic underplot of the lovers, Benjamin Blinker, the tiger, and Tiddie Draggelhorpe, as acted respectively by Sam Bernard and Jennie Satterlee, caught the fancy of the house. The laughter and applause which greeted them was amply deserved. Mr. Bernard's abilities were equally conspicuous in the part of Poor Joe, which he also undertakes. I. L. Guilmette, as the footman, was clever, and the Elias Craw of H. Charles was commendable. Fair is the word which describes the general support. Next week Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The popular New York home of vaudeville (Tony Pastor's) witnessed a comparative novelty on Monday last in the shape of The New Karl, with Charles A. Gardner. His acting was fully up to the standard of his reputation, and he was warmly applauded. The supporting company was good.

The Queen's Mate, the new opera from the pen of Harry Paulson and Mostyn Tedde, with music by Jacobowski, was announced for production at the New Broadway Theatre last night. The early hour at which we are obliged to go to press compels us to defer criticism of the representation until next week.—The Howard Atheneum Specialty Company gave their performance at the Academy of Music on Monday to a good audience.—The Wife is continuing its successful career at the Lyceum, and has nearly reached its 300th representation without diminution of popular favor.—Old Lavender is repeated this week at Harrigan's Park Theatre to good business.—At Wallack's London Assurance was acted on Monday night, and the season closes this week with a varied bill of the old comedies.—At the Standard Neil Burgess' amusing Vime is drawing surprisingly well.—Rosa Vime and her clever company began the third week of her highly successful New York season at Daly's before a large house.—Erminie continues at the Casino and retains its popularity to the very eve of withdrawal in favor of Nadjy.—The monkeys hold their sway at the Star Theatre another week.

The Musical Mirror.

On Saturday night last those cheerful Bohemians, the Lotos Club, held high festival at their sanctuary over against the MIRROR office. The usual menu of song, speech and recitation was served up, always with a little spice of its own, a tang of the Lotos flower, which gives these jolly festivals their unique and special cachet. One element of the entertainment was odd and original enough to deserve special description. At the opening of the folding doors which serve for curtains, the floor of the back parlor was seen dotted with five big granite pebbles, and five other queer objects which looked like paving blocks, ready dressed for laying. To them entered five sturdy youths (the Prevelli Brothers) shouldering street pavers' tools, rammers of the old-fashioned pattern, picks, shovels, a watering pot and a wheelbarrow. After a solemn preliminary march among their geological accessories the artists quitted, or knelt, each behind his pebble, and solemnly addressed themselves to the task of getting sermons—or songs—out of stones. Each performer held two, three, or four short pick-axe heads, tuned by their shape and size to the proper notes, each pounding away in turn at the proper time, or all in accord, like the Swiss bell-ringers, and the whole, with a pianoforte accompaniment by a sixth player made the quaintest yet most fascinating melody. Time and intonation were alike excellent, and the clear, shrill ring of the elastic steel gave a fine penetrating timbre to the various polkas, waltzes and quicksteps, a harmonious ensemble abso-

lutely unknown heretofore to the Manhattan Department of Streets. Then the performers dropped their picks, and with rammers and shoe-soles squeezed and coaxed the other articles, which turned out to be rude organs, with bellows and reeds, and thus judiciously untreated, gave out sweet music, not quite that of Dorian flutes and soft recorders, but very nice in its way. Then the artists hoisted their tools in the air; the wheelbarrow-man propped his vehicle on his knee and applied his countenance to one of the handles, and the water pot bearer made as if he would imbibe harmless refreshment from his tin vessel; and lo! rammers, shovels barrows and all were but acoustic frauds, ambushed trumpets and foghorns discoursing as sweet strains as if they had appeared in unblushing and brazen confession. And for a finale, the versatile artists grouped about a table and produced a set of those windy monsters known to the Manhattan gamins as kazooks, varying in size from a consumptive cucumber to a pot-bellied and apoplectic egg-pant, and in pitch from the squeak of a wharf-rat to the gobble of a thirty-pound turkey. The "gobble" song from the Mascott was, as the doctors say, "indicated" in the premises, and was played with a fruity richness and hollow gurgle which a Westchester barnyard might envy. Certain defects of tonality and pitch were excused by the club jester, who kindly suggested that the performance was rather impromptu—a mere kazook-al diversion.

Music and poetry are but hollow nutriment unless properly supplemented by solid fluid and appliances.—When THE MIRROR young man came away in the small hours there were popular melodies up-stairs, and the Lotos was floating gaily but not precisely a fleur d'eau.

Madison Square Mems.

"The Madison Square Theatre company opened at the Park Theatre, Boston, on Monday night," said A. M. Palmer yesterday to a MIRROR representative, "to a packed house, and the play of Partners was received with even greater enthusiasm than it was here. There were eleven recalls in the third and fourth acts, and the business that is being done now is similar to that Jim the Penman did. Mr. Salvini, too, made a great hit, and the play will run to packed houses during the three weeks laid out for it. The engagement of the company is for five weeks, you know."

"Now as regards the Wallack testimonial, I will give you some idea of the demand for seats." As Mr. Palmer spoke he pointed to a number of envelope boxes tightly packed with letters. "There are in those boxes fully a thousand applications for seats, and I really fear that there are more applications than there are places. They are filed in serial order, and will be attended to in that way. The testimonial is now occupying the attention of the entire staff of the theatre. The prices of seats have been placed at \$10 for the orchestra, \$5 and \$4 for the balconies, and \$2 for the family circle. General admission will be \$2 and admission to the family circle \$1. The price for boxes, the auction sale for the election of which will take place on Tuesday afternoon next at this theatre at 4 o'clock, has been placed at \$50."

"The members of different committees that will serve will number in the aggregate over 600 people. Just 685 have been written to, and the majority have signified their intention to serve. Of this number 237 are actors and actresses, seven are readers and elocutionists, ten are members of firms connected with the profession, forty are dramatic authors, nine are dramatic critics of this city, sixty-eight are critics of Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco and St. Louis; sixteen are Actors' Fund officers, 125 are non-professional gentlemen, fifty one are ladies not in the profession, seventy five are managers, business-managers, musical directors, stage-managers, scenic artists and machinists, and forty-seven are journalists of this city."

Professional Doings.

—Maggie Fielding and her company are playing to good business, it is stated, through Minnesota.
—Wright Huntington, who has just closed the season with Jim the Penman, is in the city, and at liberty for next season.
—Hattie L. Richmond will sail for Europe shortly from Boston, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. E. F. Austin, of Tacoma, Pa.
—Tullula Evans has just closed her tour with the Carleton company. She says it was the pleasantest season she ever had.
—Mabel Baker and George H. Broderick, after the 25th inst., will temporarily reside in Philadelphia, and will be at liberty to receive offers.
—Robert Downing has secured most flattering endorsement from the press this season. The criticism of Cleveland are the latest to fall into line.
—Jacob Eisher, father of Reinhold H. and George Eisher, the firm of R. H. Eisher and Co., lithographers, died at his residence at Baltimore, Md., April 2, of consumption.
—The Bostonians have sent a letter to popular Howard E. Laing, G. P. A. of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, complimenting him for his courtesy and his road for its speed, comfort and safety.
—Frank R. Stockton, author of The Lady or the Tiger, will occupy a box at Wallack's next Monday night on the occasion of the first presentation of the opera founded on his work, by Sydney Rosenfeld.
—The Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, Leicester Square, London, has recently undergone expensive and artistic embellishment, and now compares favorably with the finest theatres in the world. Edmund Grason is the special agent of the Alhambra in this country.
—The Casino roof-garden will be opened for the first time on Monday evening, May 21. Several changes for the better in the line of illumination and decoration are to be made, and Rudolph Aronson is now arranging a programme. The singing of glee and quartettes will be a feature.
—Oliver Byron closes his thirty-six weeks' season in Elizabeth, N. J., to-night (Thursday). Mr. and Mrs. Byron will go to their Long Branch cottage for the summer. J. P. Johnson, the manager, goes to England on the 15th, where he will remain until next season's tour opens.
—Washington (D. C.) Lodge of Elks was the recipient last Sunday evening of a handsome and elaborate altar cover, the handiwork and gift of Lavinia Shannon. The presentation took place at the lodge-room in that city, and was made by Dr. Hamilton Leach, Exalted Ruler of the Grand Lodge.
—The opening week of the Forepaugh show in Philadelphia brought the largest receipts that Mr. Forepaugh or any other circus-manager ever experienced there in the same period. The gross takings, it is stated, considerably exceeded \$50,000. On four nights people were turned away. On May 5 the show appears in Jersey City. C. A. Davis, the agent, will be in this neighborhood in a few days to prepare for the coming of the big caravan.

—Max Loewenthal, Patti Ross's agent, writes: "I was a most astonished man when I arrived in Aspen, Col., to find that Miss Ross had an advance sale of \$400. Aspen is a mining town, but not a rough one. I did not have to put up a sheet of paper, and the houses there are packed. Good coin can play to crowded houses there and receive good treatment."

—There is no foundation for the statement that La Tosca would not be played by Miss Davenport next season. Mr. Klaw says Miss Davenport has already ordered her La Tosca printing, engaged the people specially for this play, and will make it her place de resistance. The talk about playing a repertoire, he says, is probably based on the fact that she is engaging people for their fitness to play in La Tosca, also, as it will be impracticable to play La Tosca in all theatres.

—T. C. Howard, leading man of the Ranch King company, while playing in Milwaukee, was agreeably surprised during a performance by the gift of a valuable gold hunting-case watch, studded with nine diamonds, together with a chain and pendant bearing the insignia of the Knights of Pythias. It was a present from his managers, Joseph D. Clifton and Charles W. Compton. The presentation speech was made by Arthur G. Cambridge, who, in conjunction with W. A. Thomas, manager of the Ninth Street Theatre, Kansas City, went to Milwaukee for this occasion. Mr. Howard has recovered his voice and it is said has made a strong hit in this play. In addition to twice increasing his salary, and a renewal of the engagement, the proprietors added this proof of their appreciation of his services and ability. Mr. Howard is a scenic artist as well as an actor.

The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.—Cosm.

CASINO.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson Broadway and 36th Street
Manager
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents.
Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$2, \$10, \$12.

The Greatest of All Comic Opera Successes.

ERMINIE.

Received with roars of laughter.

"It is the brightest, merriest and most enjoyable comic opera ever presented."

May 14—NADJY.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery near Canal Street.

FRANK B. MURTHA, Sole Proprietor

One week only.

The greatest of all

Romantic Idyls,

PASSION'S SLAVE.

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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Corner 6th avenue.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

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By Joseph Arthur.

HARRY LACY as JACK MANLEY.

Gallery 50c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

DALY'S THEATRE.

No change of bill owing to the remarkable success of

THE FAVORITE COMEDienne.

Miss Rosina

VOKES

And her London Comedy Company.

A GAME OF CARDS, THE CIRCUS RIDER, and a PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager

J. M. Hill's Union Square Theatre Company.

A POSSIBLE CASE.

By Sydney Rosenfeld.

Evenings at 8:30, Saturday Matinee at 2.

HERALD—A success as brilliant as that of The Henrietta. Daily News—A positive hit; a second Henrietta. Times—There are scenes that could hardly be bettered. World—Perfection of detail throughout.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

4th Ave and 3rd St. 8:15

DANIEL FREEMAN, Manager

THE WIFE.

THE WIFE.

THE WIFE.

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THE WIFE.

The Giddy Gusher.



Whether it is a pleasant and profitable thing for a woman to be built like a thermometer I, of all people, should be able to tell. It is not heat or cold by which I am affected; but if ever the mental, moral atmosphere of those around sustained or reduced the condition of a person's animal spirits, that person is your Gusher.

Without a pain, under smiling Spring skies, at peace with God and most men, my heart, as Charley Dickson sings, "like an apple-tree in full bloom." I get with a pal who has an anxiety or a care, and the promise of the blossoms seems to faint upon the air, and long before it reaches me the sun has lost its warmth and does me no more good than to stand before a sunset of Turner's. It's a little affair of chrome yellow and vermilion and smells of varnish; it doesn't seem to me as if it could quicken a grain of a mustard seed.

Then that pal o' mine outrides the storm, gets into smooth water, comes up smiling, says he's glad he's alive and much obliged to the green things for growing. Behold, the world is flooded with the sunshine again. Every ray draws pictures for me of ripening strawberries under broad shading leaves, of swelling watermelons, panting in bursting fullness up against the stalks of golden corn that swish in the hot breath of Summer overhead.

In one instant the mercury in my thermometer goes up ker-plunk to the top figure. It doesn't occur to me I could make a better world if I undertook to.

A friend said to me recently when I was surveying the face of nature through the smoked-glass of another person's anxious mind.

"Your duty is very plain. Being so easily influenced, you should select the company of evenly-balanced, tranquilly disposed people—people of philosophy, undemonstrative, calm and unexcitable."

A beautiful outlook, to be sure. I might as well sit down with a Saddle Rock oyster and call him society. It's the very quality of mind that is a prey to apprehension and anxiety, that makes of man or woman a charming companion—versatile, impetuous, enthusiastic.

I heard a manager say of a young actor lately: "I wish I could make him a present of some of my cheerful tranquillity and imperturbable philosophy."

"Thank Heaven you can't!" said I "for the very attributes that make you a far-seeing, successful manager would make him a wooden actor. It's the inevitable minor key that shakes your soul in the grandest strains of music. It's the restless, unquiet spirit that gets to the surface in an actor, and reaches an audience like electricity. If you could endow Clara Morris with your capacity of control and calm that bundle of nerves would be a Mary Anderson in portraying emotion."

And so my friends are of all kinds, but the pals are picked from the unquiet ones, who do unceasingly walk up and down, with whom I can laugh and cry, who have hearts of fire and blood like new wine, who know no medium sentiments, who feel no average sensations, but strung up in G live lives of ardent joys and agonized tears, and keep that human thermometer, the Gusher, on the bounce with their varying moods.

I have just survived some cyclonic mental episodes that have transpired in the soul of a friend. The sweep of the storm has been rather devastating, but the clearing up seems all the brighter by contrast, and though it's the first stormy day in a week of sunshine, it's the first actually delightful day in a week of gloom—for me.

James Morrissey, of the Standard, imparted the good news to me yesterday that, by a brand-new process, the fevered brows of the public were going to be fanned this Summer by chilled air in that theatre.

I took some kind of an untamed, beastly bath once, got up by an old vegetarian, who believed that the enduring qualities of the turnip and the sustaining elements of carrots and potatoes could be steamed into you. He rigged a box in which you sat with your head out of a hole in the top; he wound a wet towel round your neck to keep in all his hot, juicy atmosphere, and then he let on his vegetable impregnated steam. It would climb up to 400 degrees in the box, but you felt beautifully cool, because your head was being refrigerated by ice-water and a big fanning machine.

I have a friend who lives in a flat of the most fashionable construction. The kitchen is so small that the spice-box and stew-pans stop outside on a fire escape. I got up a dinner last July in that kitchen, with the greatest degree of comfort, by putting my head in the

ash shoot while I attended to the oven. There was no means of determining the degree of heat attained by that bull range in that baby kitchen, but when my apron was shriveling with fervid heat—when I had to wet down my other clothes to prevent ignition, a flow of air up that shoot, a breath of wind flavored with coal ashes coming straight from the cellar, pulled me through unharmed. So I know that if a manager succeeds in frapping our frizzles, we can fry in our own fat elsewhere.

At several theatres last year ice-cooled air was pumped in upon us, but it was at the bottom, not the top, the work of rescue began. The chilled air was sent in round our legs and many a woman whose breath came in warm pants wished devoutly she could put on a couple of 'em and defy the rheumatism she felt she was falling an easy prey to.

If the Standard can get a wave of cold air to play on the faces of an audience they can play all Summer to full houses.

[And not the sort I saw in a theatre the other night. It was a dire show. About thirty people were scattered about the theatre when five young bloods of the place came in so drunk they could hardly find their seats. Next day I was asked about the performance, and wanting to help the poor girl, I swore she played to a full house—about as full a house as I remember to have seen.

We girls never get together but we show each other our new clothes. So lately I've seen some daisy articles of toilettes. Kate Forsythe is recently returned from abroad with some of the most stunning gowns for house and street I ever saw. And Sadie Martinot has imported, with herself, a trio of stage costumes for the forthcoming production of Madjy at the Casino that are dreams of the embroiderer's art.

A short, white satin frock she wears, as a Queen of the May costume is beautiful. The roses that are thickly strewn on the front are made of raised folds of silk and satin, in shades of pink, and loops of shaded beads are interlarded with it. It is a bit of needle-work, the well-known costumer, Dazian, says, is impossible to reproduce in this country as proficient as we have become in art embroidery.

A blue velvet train dress of the peculiar cut of the Pompadour period—when women achieved an open-fan effect with their suits—is also a miracle in pearl bead embroidery; and if the fair Sadie is not a conqueror in these gowns she will devastate the hearts of the populace when she dances on in her black ballet costume.

Forsythe is looking for a season of country triumph, when the very bull-frogs will be hoarse voicing their emotions at beholding her, and for fireside, hillside and seaside she has provided clothes that brought tears to the eyes of female beholders when she displayed them the other day.

There's no occasion to speak of Kate's figure—it speaks for itself, on the stage or on the street. She is as perfect in form as the young goddess Diana, and joined to the possession of this beautiful shape she has the best taste for its adornment and display.

Shades of olive and brown seem her favorites, and in some of these new gowns the most charming combinations of color, the most wonderful effects of embroidery are shown.

Miss Forsythe creates a part called A Fair Bohemian in the Doremus drama to be played one afternoon some ten days from now at the Madison Square. Whatever the entertainment may be, the clothes of it will be a grand success. They will contain the beautiful Forsythe and the piquant Barrymore, and they will be calculated to drive dress-makers mad, as defying reproduction.

We never seem to know much of the rare and radiant things at our own doors, overlooking them in our search of the beyond—I am not alluding to Miss Forsythe now, but thinking of and looking off over toward the new Harlem River Bridge.

I should think that all New York would be up here prowling about that marvelous structure, which grows as no bridge ever grew before from hour to hour, if you can perceive any extension from week to week in a great work like this it may be said to be progressing, but I inspect this miracle in the morning and can see the change at night. It's not a half a year ago since the mighty stone towers supporting the iron arches were completed, and out against the sky one day two red and fiery heads were raised to contemplate each other, and the yawning chasm that separated them, higher reared the heads and crawling like crimson serpents toward each other went the big arches of the new bridge. Only a few feet divide them now, poised in the air like giant creatures they seem about to strike.

Seen of a moonlight night when all the supporting scaffolding is obliterated in the shadow, those great slender red snakes opposing each other in the company of the stars, is a spectacle to inspire a Jules Verne to accomplish a story of the incredible. If I want to see feats of zampilaerostation, vastly superior to the acrobatic acts of Barnum's, I go and call on a front seat—in other words, an expectant section of the great bridge (a loud, red-painted iron boulder), and watch those bird-like builders who skip about on narrow projecting pieces as cheerfully and unhesitatingly as if on the ground; and there they are, with their heads in heaven, on places higher than the Brooklyn Bridge.

Then, when I get dizzy, I go off with Mr. Yeardley, of the Passaic Iron Works, and look at his two persuasive pets—the "pie-biter," he calls one; the "masher," he calls the other.

The "pie-biter" is a stout, chunky little fellow of a machine with an iron jaw. He does not gnash his teeth and cry out his prowess, but, with a determined little grunt of satisfaction, he sets his jaws upon iron plates an inch and a half and two inches thick, and sweeps off pieces with a relentless force admirable to see.

What a machine this would be to cut a play with! No theatre should be without one.

The "masher" is a punch, or rather it cuts round places out of iron plates—plates four inches thick—one look at the job to be done takes the "masher," with well oiled ease and no audible evidence of his intentions down drops the arm, the die sinks through and through the big solid iron mass and the big pipe of the material that has been cut smoothly out falls to the floor. Those are great machines, and the Harlem Bridge is a wonderful structure, but it's within our gates and we pack trunks and go off to view inferior achievements in foreign lands.

It's like Haidee Heller. She was born in Sackville street, London, and lived there twenty-six years. When she said one morning to me, "Are you off again to that old Abbey? If you'll wait till I dress I'll go with you. I never was inside Westminster Abbey in all my life."

I fell over a trunk and nearly ended the useful career of your GIDDY GUSHER.

A Stage Manager's Confessions.

II.

The day following my arrival I was taken by Abbey to Wallack's, and introduced to Mr. Goatcher, scenic artist; Mr. Dorington, stage-carpenter; Mr. Siedle, property-master, and the others with whom I came in contact in a stage-managerial sense. I was struck by the fact that these three gentlemen mentioned wore decorations. Confessedly I was backward in asking the reason in case I might unintentionally tread on some national point of etiquette; nevertheless, I was alarmed, for if Goatcher was a Colonel (who had had a brush with the enemy, Dorington a President of some Board or Boards as the case may be, recollect he was a carpenter, and Siedle a wealthy boddler, for he was a man of property, not to say properties), I should certainly have some compunction in giving further "orders" to them. However, I was wrong. Goatcher was an Elk, and wore a distinguishing badge, and the others were officers of the society of the Legion of Honor, an admirable institution based on insurance principles and closely allied with the staff at Wallack's. It is a pleasant digression to record that behind the curtain I never saw a disagreement among the staff and personally never had cause to find fault.

The time was now fast approaching when it was necessary to choose and cast the opening piece, and we were to meet Miss Coghlan at twelve o'clock on an appointed day at the theatre. All were punctual.

"Mr. Robson—Miss Coghlan." A bow, which for the enlightenment of posterity may be described as stiff—very! Abbey eyed the lady curiously, and the lady gazed fixedly at us both.

There was a decidedly anxious expression on Miss Coghlan's face, and I thought I divined the reason, so applied the unfailing test, viz.: I looked at her earnestly for twenty seconds and then at the ceiling. Sure enough there appeared in red letters the two words, "Mrs. Abbey!"

After it had been decided to open with Ravenshurst, at my suggestion entitled The Mousetrap, Miss Coghlan began counting the nickels in her purse, Abbey was silent, and we all three knew the fatal moment had arrived.

"About my part?" "There are two ladies' parts, one an adventuress, the other comedy," said T. W. R. (Abbey's face here was an art study), "and we propose to cast you for the adventuress."

"But you know I have choice of parts," remarked Miss C. quickly.

"Yes, but the adventuress is the stronger part of the two." Miss Coghlan looked hard at me and my eyes wandered up to the ceiling and again I saw the ominous red letters appear.

"I can tell by your face that the comedy part is the best part," murmured Miss C.

"Apply the same principle to the adventuress," I mildly replied.

At the conclusion of this interview, after sending the manuscript of the play to Miss Coghlan's residence, she gave me a very knowing inclination of the head and a perceptible dropping of one eyelid, remarking at the same time, "the comedy part was written for Mrs. Kendal and that's good enough for me."

She kept her word and took unto herself the comedy part, leaving the sombre and gruesome adventures to Mrs. Abbey.

Unhappy thought. Miss Coghlan and her cast-iron contract were not to be trifled with!

"What is Tearle to play?"

"He also has choice of parts," said Abbey. "Has each individual member of the company equal right in this respect?" I inquired, with visions of civil war already looming in the distance. It began to dawn on me that the basis of the contracts would make the casting

of pieces a lively subject of discussion, not to say dissension.

Unhappy thought. It did.

I was then informed by Abbey that he had arranged with Messrs. Pottier and Strymus to furnish the interiors at the theatre. Should anything required not be in stock it was to be made. It was made—the subject of numerous compliments and *vice versa*. When the bills came in I went out! Why on earth Abbey chose the most expensive upholsters to furnish for the theatre I never could fathom.

The company having met—the usual friendship formed, and the more than usual sudden hatreds taken—rehearsals commenced.

THE MOUSETRAP.

Lord Normantower..... Osmond Tearle..... Sam Sothers
Sir Peter Lund..... Charles Groves..... Harry Edwards
Philip Selwyn..... E. D. Ward..... J. W. Pigott
Tom Verinder..... Sam Sothers..... C. Dodsworth
Kate Deverant..... Rose Coghlan..... Netta Guion
Mildred Selwyn..... E. D. Ward..... Kate Bartlett
Beatrice Selwyn..... Mrs. Abbey..... Missie Conway

It is impossible to forget Rose Coghlan's sweet contempt, conveyed in the constant repetition of "You'll see," and Tearle's pathetic prayers for inspiration.

And then the understudies! Abbey was very particular as to them. Any one but of the bill was to understudy the part in his or her line of business.

I think Harry Edwards would have annihilated me with his look but that his mousetache hid the necessary expression of his mouth. I have since seen him minus the hirsute adornment and can feel how terrible the consequences would have been had he anticipated its removal.

Charles Dodsworth, who had been promised the gross receipts, or their equivalent in parts—at least, so I was led to believe—despairingly asked himself if he knew his A B C should be called upon to recite it at some "at home," and the remainder—well there was a brilliant shine in the tents of Shem, and the tents were the respective dwelling-houses of all concerned.

That my hitherto honored countenance was drawn rudely upon paper and pins stuck into it I knew for a certainty, for the idea was abroad that I was the prime cause of the discomfort existing in having chosen this play for production at Wallack's. But in this they were wrong or misled, for the play was read to and accepted by Mr. Abbey before I ever met him—further, he was under contract to produce it. I suffered in silence and murmured Abbey's praises.

There were but few skirmishes during rehearsals. Now and then Rose Coghlan would remind me, in her own original style, that she was the leading lady, and Mrs. Abbey would occasionally lapse into Florence Gerard. But further than this we pulled together very well for practical purposes.

The eventful first-night at length came, and with it a splendid and representative audience. Here was a chance for anybody—allowing the chance to be there—respectful silence and deep attention, nothing to break the continuity of an actor or actress' intention or method of reaching his or her effects.

Everything was a success but the piece, for which I was intensely sorry, as Grundy is a clever dramatist and a more than earnest writer.

During the evening Abbey came to me and said "N. G." I don't know whether he expected me to repeat it after him, but I did, wondering what it meant. Subsequently I discovered it meant "no good."

Unhappy thought. It wasn't.

The next morning the papers were unusually kind all round, but I was sent for.

Abbey—"Say, we must put on Caste."

Robson—"When?"

Abbey—"Soon as possible," naming the date.

Robson—"What, with only eight rehearsals? Mercy!"

Abbey—"None. On with it!"

Robson—"How about the cast?"

CAST.

George D'Alroy..... Osmond Tearle..... Sam Sothers
Captain Hawtree..... E. D. Ward..... J. W. Pigott
Eccles..... C. Groves..... Harry Edwards
Sam Gerridge..... T. W. Robertson..... C. Dodsworth
Eather..... Miss Coghlan..... Missie Conway
Marquise..... Mrs. Abbey..... Mrs. Eldridge
Polly..... Mrs. Abbey..... Netta Guion

To get this ready in ten days, with only eight rehearsals, was very hard on all; but it was done. New scenery, new dresses, appointments, everything, in fact, was up to time.

We had a dress-rehearsal on the previous Sunday, at which there was some mild kicking. It was in all ways satisfactory. The comical incident which occurred on the first night happened at the dress-rehearsal, viz., when Polly is supposed to play the piano in the second act to a certain cue. The piano on the stage was muffled and a double used outside the scene. When Mrs. Abbey should have been playing at her cue she was in the centre of the stage (which belongs by divine right to Miss Coghlan), and the piano struck up "Pop Goes the Weasel," apparently of its own will and accord. Upstairs merriment followed this independent action on the part of the musical instrument. The scene was called back and rehearsed with becoming gravity. Strange to say, on the first night, when the all-important cue came, there was Mrs. Abbey in the centre of the stage and the piano playing "Pop Goes the Weasel," with a total disregard of consequences. The audience literally yelled with laughter, and no wonder, for it must have been excruciatingly funny.

Unhappy thought. Bad stage-management? Beyond this nothing occurred to mar what

seemed to be a very big success. The papers unanimously praised every one concerned, and the audiences were most liberal in their recognition.

The firm of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau had moved to their new premises, 1212 Broadway, and I was given an office liberally and luxuriously furnished with an old carpet and two chairs that couldn't grow old if they tried. My name was painted on the exterior of the door in the most funeral black, and read thus: "T. W. Robertson, Stage Manager Wallack's." Whether this was meant to be impressive is a mystery. I said nothing. I never did.

Standing one day in my office with nothing for companionship but the two chairs and the carpet, and wondering when the next consignment of necessary furniture was coming, Abbey entered. I suggested a desk and he immediately commissioned me to get one.

Unhappy thought. I did—and paid for it. Fact!

My office was furnished entirely at my own expense, bar the two chairs and the carpet, but as Winter progressed it became cold. I suggested a fire-stove. Abbey shook his head. It will not be out of place to mention that among his other accomplishments Abbey is an adept at shaking his head.

Now there was a door leading from his office into mine, and opposite to this door in his office there was a fire-place with a fire always burning, and Abbey in one of his brilliant moments said: "Look here, Robson, leave your door open and the heat from my fire will transfer itself in due course into your room."

Scientifically this was true. The radiation of heat was evidently another study of Abbey's, but it struck me, considering the distance between the fireplace and my room, that that radiation wanted time ere it would permeate into my quarters.

Robson—"But suppose necessity demands the closing of your door?"

Abbey—"That's all right. Your room will be warmed before I arrive in the morning."

Economic, subtle, but cold—very cold—reasoning. The laying in of a stock of heat on this principle to last the whole day was novel and would read well, but practically it was a dead failure, and that office saw little of me when the cold weather did set in.

Now Abbey's office was a thing of beauty and unlimited joy. The majority of his friends had sent him something to please the eye and the senses, including a lovely sideboard, which was stocked with all that is conceivable to alleviate thirst and such like complaints. Then again there was a poker table, with real chips. The above means are actively used in the transaction of business and the engaging of Hofmanns, Pattis, Coquellins, etc., and are as necessary as the common cable or the tantalizing telephone.

During the run of Caste it was discovered that we had a conjuror in our midst, for one evening we were startled by the announcement that Mrs. Abbey's salary, in the form of a cheque, had passed from her purse into Miss Coghlan's hat, which was lying in an adjoining room, the trip taking place during Miss Coghlan's absence. When she returned to her dressing-room she found the cheque in the hat and at once took it to Mrs. Abbey.

The whole affair was enshrouded in that peculiar mystery attaching to conjuring performances, but it was considered a capital joke and helped to cement the friendship which had already sprung up between the two leading ladies.

T. W. ROBERTSON.

[To be continued.]

A Land of Theatrical Promise.

R. W. Mitchell, well known on the Pacific Coast as "Rambrandt," of the Portland *Sunday Evening News*, and as dramatic editor of the *Portland Daily News*, has been visiting the city for a few days. Mr. Mitchell is well posted on dramatic matters on the slope, and in conversation with Managers Frohman, Sanger, Duff, Hill, and others, he has mentioned some things which indicate a promising dramatic future for the city of his residence—Portland, Oregon. He calls special attention to the profitable field opened, not only to traveling companies, but to a permanent manager who will erect and maintain a suitable opera house in what he calls "the metropolis of the Pacific North-west."

Portland has now a population of about 45,000, and yet there is but one place at all suitable for dramatic or operatic performances. Mr. Mitchell asserts that the Northern Pacific route will pay any good attraction well from the time it leaves St. Paul until it arrives at Portland. The "stands" include Minneapolis, Brainerd, Fargo, Bismarck, Helena, Butte City, Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Portland, and always give large patronage to average companies if properly managed.

Mr. Mitchell further states that between San Francisco and Helena, including the Puget Sound circuit, Emma Abbott last year cleared \$30,000, and that Barrett, on his last visit, made at least \$10,000. He claims that Portland is naturally a dramatic centre, more especially since the opening up of rail communication last season to San Francisco, the trip between the two cities now occupying but thirty-two hours. This railroad connection enables a company to go over the Northern one way and either the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific or Santa Fe another, with a fair certainty of profit, allowing a company to take in Los Angeles without loss of time. A movement is on foot in Portland for the erection of an opera house costing in the neighborhood of \$100,000, but it has not yet progressed beyond the architect's plans.

From what Mr. Mitchell says, it would seem that there is a good opening there for somebody.

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Berton, C. A. (tel.)
Belmont, E.
Bleck, S. S.
Blair, K.
Boisfleur, S.
Blenden, L.
Bates, M.
Balle, L.
Barnabee, H. C.
Brown, T. M.
Boyd, Annie
Bigelow, Sadie
Brandes, Oiva
Brigham, W.
Barnett, L.
Barnes, Mr.
Bowkett, Sidney
Barry, W. J.
Barry, C. L.
Benson, Charles
Band, G. A.
Brand, J.
Barrymore, M.
Benson, Ethel
Bingham, M.
Cooper, Geo. S.
Coudock, C. W.
Cooper, Scott
Carlyle, F.
Crawell, G. W.
Conner, W.
Carnobello, Enrico
Clark, Basil
Cron, E. J.
Courtier, Carver
Carle, H. C.
Cohen, H. S.
Clayburn, Ed.
Carroll, M. M.
Cheris, J. M.
Clark, D.
Clark, R.
Coffman, E.
Clayton, E.
Clare, E.
Cooper, Leo
Cameron, E.
Coote, Carrie
Deyou, H.
Downing, R.
Dore, St.
Delmore, R.
Donnell, M.
Delore, E.
Derry, George J.
Douglas, Byron
Davis, W. G.
Darham, S.
Dodson, B. F.
Dungan, C. W.
Deaver, J.
Dyer, M.
De Launre, M.
Doye, T.
Dehauser, Wm.
De Bar, Blanche
Emmett, Orville
Eustis, W. T.
Emslie, J. J.
Emmett, J. K.
Emerson, William
Eager, L.
Egan, J. K. Jr.
Ellis, R.
Evangeline
Ellis, S.
Forster, W. W.
Fort, James
Freed, A.
Fascetti, Owen
Foster, S.
Flak, R. A.
Franklin, Joe
Gilbert, Miss
Goss, A. W.
Graham, R. E.
Griffith, W. N.
Gordy, F. A.
Gottman, J.
Goedfrey, M.
Goss, Robert
Gallagher, Ed.
Gervine, Ed.
Gillie, E. F.
Gilette, F.
Gisor, Julia
Holmes, Ethel
Hastings, Alice
Hagan, J. F.
Hayden, Wm.
Hoyt, C. H.
Hawley, H. E.
Herbert, Wm.
Husted, H. E.
Holmes, R.
Hyde, R.
Harrison, Duncan
Hardie, J. M.
Hurl, E. J.
Hendley, W. J.
Hansen, E.
Herbert, M. G.
Henly, A.
Hess, C. D.
Harkins, W. S.
Hubbell, Walter
Harrison, Maude
Hampton, May
Hall, J. C. (6)
Harrell, Maggie
Innes, F. N.
Irving, F.
Arnold, H. C.
Jefferson, Joseph
Johnson, Mr.
Jones, B. (2)
Laurie, Geo. F.
Jansscheck, F.
Johnson, F.
Johnson, I. C.
Johnson, Lewis
James, L.
Kruger, Mrs. E.

of religious and secular views on the Church and Stage question has attracted wide attention from the leading newspapers in the country. It will be noted that our contemporaries, in commenting on the various opinions expressed by the eminent gentlemen engaged in the discussion, do not fail to accord a large measure of credit to THE MIRROR for this particular example of its enterprise and liberality.

Agitation of the ethical as well as the aesthetic aspirations of our stage is always in order; but, perhaps, it has never found a more fitting moment than now, when, to those who look below the surface of things, it appears that the theatre is in a condition which prognosticates a change. Whether that change is to be for the better, whether it will accord with the wishes of those who hope most for the drama both artistically and morally considered, is, of course, a matter of mere surmise. But it is certain that, if discussion produces any effect, this discussion will be beneficial.

Whatever agency leads the thoughtful, cultured, and refined classes to interest themselves in the works of the theatre helps to lift the latter to that lofty plane to which the eyes of its friends are constantly strained.

Only One More Week.

The offer made last week by THE MIRROR to enrich that most worthy charitable organization the Actors' Fund to the amount of \$500, has not met with the hearty response we hoped for from the aspiring theatrical papers to which it was extended.

The Treasurer of the Fund, when seen by a reporter who called yesterday to inquire whether our deposit had been covered, gave an emphatically negative answer.

In our last issue we ventured to express the wish that intending competitors would display a promptness equal to our own in accepting the fair conditions of our perfectly impartial and eminently conclusive proposition.

The delay is to be regretted—particularly by our contemporaries, for it may give rise to serious doubts respecting their vaunted ability to substantiate their ready statements of supremacy in the matters of circulation and advertising patronage.

Possibly delay, and clumsy evasion also, seem to offer the only avenues of escape from signal defeat and public humiliation. But whether our honest challenge is honestly accepted or whether it is speciously dodged, those unpleasant conditions most surely await our voluble and more or less esteemed contemporaries.

But there remains yet another week in which they may pluck up courage to submit to a genuine test. Our offer holds good until Thursday, May 10.

The case is simple now. To convey to these columns a fastidious phrase in frequent use among the variegated constituency of our sporting friend, the paretic *Clipper*, it may be briefly said to stand just about thus:

Put up, or shut up!

A Decisive Victory.

The La Tosca-Nadjezda contest was short, sharp and decisive. The most remarkable feature of Mr. Barrymore's case was its utter weakness. It really wasn't worth the large supply of legal powder that ex-Judge Dittenhoefer had brought into court to blow it sky-high.

As if the failure to make even a fair showing in the charge of plagiarism were not enough, the defendant's able counsel had Mr. Barrymore's sworn testimony that he had sold Nadjezda to his wife, besides possessing an assignment to Miss Davenport of a judgment which served as a sort of policy of insurance against a possibly adverse result.

Mr. Barrymore not only claimed that M. Sardou had stolen from him, but he appeared in the quixotic position of a claimant for the protection of a property which he had no right to protect!

Judge Dittenhoefer facetiously remarked in court while reading the affidavit of the French author, wherein the latter asserts his belief that Mr. Barrymore took his play from Shakespeare: "Sardou was mistaken in this, Shakespeare must have taken his play from Barrymore." And this would not, considering the entire difference of the two plays, have been much less serious or sensible than the

charge which formed the basis of this litigation.

As Yet No Takers.

A reporter of THE MIRROR called on T. Henry French, Treasurer of the Actors' Fund, at his offices in West Twenty-third street yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon. Our representative asked the following question:

"Mr. French, have you, since giving your receipt to THE MIRROR for \$500 in connection with its offer of last week to the Fund respecting the circulation of dramatic papers, received a like deposit from any other journal or journals, or any communication whatever relative thereto, from any other journal?"

"No, sir," said Mr. French, emphatically. "None whatever!"

For Truth and Charity.

From last week's Mirror.

1. That this offer shall apply to any and all exclusive dramatic papers published in the United States. (Sporadic papers, like the *Clipper*—which appeal to the variety profession, the people interested in prize-fighting, base-ball, horse-racing, athletics, quail-eating and gambling—it is needless to say, are not dramatic papers, and consequently do not come within the category covered by this proposition.)

2. That each paper taking part shall, within two weeks from this date, place on deposit with the Treasurer of the Actors' Fund of America the cash sum of five hundred dollars (\$500), it being agreed that the said sum shall revert without reserve to the Actors' Fund in case of failure to establish the claims in respect to greatest circulation, and the winning contestant to withdraw its deposit.

3. That the *bona fide* circulations of the competing papers for the entire year 1887 shall be placed in evidence, and also, for public comparison, the total receipts from legitimate advertising during the same period.

4. That three or more examiners shall be chosen—theatrical managers of character and good standing—one by each competing paper, and an additional one by mutual selection.

5. That these examiners shall have, in each case, access to all books relating to circulation, order-books, general ledgers, subscription ledgers, etc., and also all books relating to advertising receipts. That they shall, moreover, have authority to inspect and report the year's licensed statements of copies sold and copies returned from the American and other news companies, authenticated copies of the memorandum weight receipts issued by the New York Post-Office, abstracts of copies sold by the International or other foreign agents the number of reams of paper bought from paper-makers, and the total number of copies printed from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1887.

6. That they shall prepare an exact statement of the examination in so far as it refers to circulation figures and advertising receipts, and that this statement shall be duly sworn to before a New York notary public.

7. That the paper or papers failing to show the largest paid circulation and the most lucrative legitimate advertising patronage shall conspicuously publish the unmitigated sworn statement aforesaid in double-sized (of a size not smaller than *fourfold*) type at the head of the editorial columns for a period of four weeks, besides forfeiting the \$500 deposited with the Treasurer of the Actors' Fund.

8. That the editor and publisher of the paper or papers accepting this proposition shall both subscribe in writing to the foregoing conditions, and deposit the forfeit named on or before May 10 next, and the examination shall take place immediately afterward.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1888.
Received of THE NEW YORK MIRROR their duly certified cheque on the Bank of the Metropolitan, New York, for five hundred dollars (\$500), payable to the order of the Actors' Fund of America, which I hold subject to the appended conditions, which are in accordance with those embodied in an article to be published in THE NEW YORK MIRROR of April 28, 1888.
(Signed) THE ACTORS' FUND OF AMERICA,
T. H. FRENCH, Treasurer.

Personal.

GERSTER.—Etlika Gerster sailed for Europe on Saturday on the *Umbria*.

SPARKS.—Joseph Sparks has concluded to remain with Harrigan's Park Theatre company.

LOTTA.—Lotta sails for Europe on May 16. She will be absent from this country about three months.

McGUCKIN.—Barton McGuckin, of the National Opera company, sailed for Europe on Saturday on the *Umbria*.

BOWERS.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers left St. Louis for San Francisco last Tuesday, where she is to appear in her repertoire.

DICKSON.—Charles A. Dickson has been re-engaged for the stock company of the Lyceum Theatre for next season.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson, who is in Boston this week, announces that it is the last engagement he will play in New England for three years.

STETSON.—John Stetson lunched his new steam yacht, the *Sapphire*, on last Saturday afternoon. The vessel cost \$35,000. Her speed is fifteen knots an hour.

HOMAN.—Little Gertie Homan, who made a hit in the child's part in *Partners*, has been engaged by A. M. Palmer for next season at the Madison Square Theatre.

ALLEN.—Alice Allen, of the Main Line company, has been obliged to retire on account of poor health. She will locate at Saratoga during the Summer with her mother.

WEBB.—Mrs. Harriet Webb, the well-known teacher of elocution, contemplates giving a season of public readings. She is a delightful entertainer, and will be heartily welcomed to the rostrum.

COQUELIN.—M. Coquelin ended his London engagement last week. Negotiations are going on for his return to the Theatre Francaise, so that it is among the possibilities that he may not come to this country after all next season.

RANOUS.—William Ranous, of the Margaret Mather company, sails on the *Umbria* on May 26. He will spend the Summer in Paris and London. Mr. Ranous has been with Miss Mather for six seasons, having worked his way up from a responsible to a leading position.

CARTE.—D'Oyly Carte was married at Savoy, England, on April 12 to Helen Cowper-Black, professionally known as Helen Lenoir, who acted as his business representative in this country. Sir Arthur Sullivan acted as Mr. Carte's "best man."

POTTER.—Mrs. Potter has been investigating the mysteries of Chinatown, San Francisco. She took in the whole business one day last week. By the way, the *Frisco* critics think the Eastern critics somewhat unjust in their estimate of her talents, and say she is not a bad actress by any means.

MAERZ.—The handsome and amiable A. J. Maerz, representing the Courier Lithographing Company of Buffalo, is at the Morton House. Opinion appears to be about equally divided whether the great popularity of this concern with the profession is due to the irresistible blandishments of Mr. Maerz, or to the excellence of the company's work—or to both combined. Mr. Maerz will tarry here for the next two weeks.

WOODRUFF.—Harry Woodruff, who has been playing Jack Ralston in *Jim the Penman*, is an enterprising young business man as well as a clever actor. He is anxious to become a man of affairs before his nineteenth birthday, which occurs next month, and so he has taken the Beach House at Milford, Conn., for the Summer season. He has refurbished and otherwise improved it, and every room in the place has been engaged in advance. Mr. Woodruff will be the youngest hotel keeper in the country. He is engaged for Mr. Frohman's *The Wife* company next season.

CAREY.—On the first page of the present issue we present a portrait of Edna Carey, the handsome leading lady who has been identified the past season with the successful tank play *A Dark Secret*. While the character of the heroine is beneath Miss Carey's artistic abilities, she has still managed to give it a great deal of effectiveness, and her acting has been greeted whenever she has appeared with applause and press praises. It was the actress' intention to negotiate for a part more worthy of her talents for next season, but Messrs. Jefferson and Taylor offered her so great an increase of salary that she could not refuse a re-engagement, and so a new contract was entered into on Monday whereby Miss Carey will continue to be seen in *A Dark Secret* for another year. She will go to her Summer home in the Catskills in a couple of weeks.

Among the Pines.

"Among the Pines, an American romantic play, to be produced at the People's Theatre, on June 11," said Will R. Wilson, of the New York *Sun* to a MIRROR reporter, "is the joint work of my brother, James P. Wilson, who is the correspondent for THE MIRROR at Youngstown, O., and myself. The scene of the play is located at Portland, and in the pine region of Maine, a locality, I believe, never represented upon the stage. The drama, after the first act, which takes place in a shipping office at Portland, is intended to be a faithful picture of life in a Maine lumber settlement."

"The play tells a simple story, but one that we think is original and novel. Yankee characters predominate, and our aim has been to give the public a New England type of melodrama as against the West, the field of which has been worked out. We expect the play's simplicity and naturalness will commend it. The action unfolds the interiors of a log school-house, saw-mill, and an old fashioned New England home. The school scene will have a great deal of local color. There will be singing by the pupils, and all of the songs introduced in the play grow naturally out of the situations. The mill will be represented as if working, and will contain a startling mechanical effect."

"We shall place the piece upon the stage with careful attention to detail, and the cast will be exceptionally strong. Several new sets are being painted. The play had its trial performances last June at Youngstown. No plans for its future have as yet been made."

The New Fifth Avenue Management.

"I assume the management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre to-day," said Eugene Tompkins on Tuesday to a representative of THE MIRROR, "but, really, my arrangements for the rest of the season are hardly varied enough to be of interest. Natural Gas comes in to-night and will be kept on for a run to close the season. When it stops I shall close the theatre. Precisely what alterations I shall make during the Summer I cannot yet say. At any rate the house will be cleaned and brightened up."

"For the present I have lowered the prices somewhat. Admission will be 50 cents, the orchestra circle and balcony \$1.00, the orchestra \$1.50, and the gallery 25 cents. I consider the previous prices, \$1.50 for the entire lower part of the house and the first four rows of the balcony too high for ordinary entertainments and the regular line of stars, except Booth and Barrett. For next season I am not sure that the present popular prices will prevail, but I incline toward them. It is my intention to accommodate all classes. I intend to stock the theatre with new scenery. For Natural Gas we have already had three entirely new sets turned out."

How Does He Do It All?

"I shall have six companies of my own on the road next season," said Manager H. R. Jacobs to a MIRROR representative. "I have purchased the play, *Stricken Blind*, and will put it out with a strong company. I have great faith in *The Lights of London*, which I am equipping thoroughly with new scenery and printing. The *Lights* is probably the best melodrama we have ever seen in this country, and it is as attractive to the masses to-day as it ever was. I shall also send out *The Roman* Rye with brand-new scenery and a splendid

company, and *The Wages of Sin* did so well last season that I shall continue it. The Kimball Opera company and the Kimball Merrie Makers will also go out under my management. These six attractions will not only play over my circuit, but through new territory. One or two I shall send South, and others will go into Western States where I have no theatres.

"The published report that I have leased Irving Hall was without foundation. There are so many rumors as to what I have done or am about to do that I have not the time to stop and deny all of them. Why, a reporter of one of the daily papers came to me the other day and asked me in all sincerity if I had been successful in securing the lease of the Metropolitan Opera House. I have added another theatre to my circuit for next season, however, and that is the new house that is being built in Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia. Kensington is a large section in the Northeastern part of the city, which has hitherto been without a place of amusement. The new house, which is being built by John W. Hart, is situated on the Southeast corner of Frankford avenue and Norris street. It will be one of the handsomest and safest theatres in this country, and will have an iron drop-curtain. The seating capacity will be about 2,000, and the prices will range from fifteen cents to one dollar. This is the scale of prices which will be in force next season at my Third Avenue Theatre, the Brooklyn Theatre, the Opera House at Patterson, N. J., the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, the Grand Opera House, Buffalo, the Opera House, Toronto, the Academy of Music, Chicago, and the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., which, as you are aware, are nearly all under my personal management."

Nine Warlike Maidens.

The audience—fairly numerous and of excellent composition—which waited patiently at Chickering Hall till 8:30 on Saturday evening, was rewarded at last with a very pretty sight. From the stage-door came marching nine lillies, wry, comely girls, all arrayed in short crimson skirts, stockings and waists, with the obligatory wash-leather *plastron* of the *salle d'armes*, the whole costume completed by dainty patent-leather shoes and a dagger and sheath hung by a girdle at the left hip. At a word from the Professor the nine warlike maidens drew up in line before the footlights and gracefully saluted with their shining foils. Then breaking up into pairs, they stamped the little patent-leathers in bellicose fashion, fell into guard position, and went through the manual of conventional thrust and parry with the greatest ease, precision and grace. So far the manual; but when, at another word from the teacher, they took position for real fencing—two pair at a time—the scene grew very lively indeed. The little scarlet furies flew at each other like game-cocks, stamping, advancing and retreating with all the semblance of earnest enmity, while the eye was dazzled with the flash of the glittering blades and the ear tickled with the bell-like ring of the steel as it clashed against the polished bill-guards. Each girl, as she felt her adversary's foil bend against her breast, was in honor bound to call out with a sharp, quick cry, "Touché!" and two or three of these touches constituted a round. Then the panting combatants laid aside their masks and a new set stepped forward from the rear of the stage. Presently the girls drew their shining daggers and attacked each other in a new form of exercise, using the foil to thrust, as before, but warding, and occasionally striking, with the knife in the left hand. Still later they donned heavier masks, with a wadded head-piece, and swung light broad swords in the regular upper and under cut of conventional melodrama. The professor would occasionally take a hand in with a favorite pupil, and on one occasion, with a foil in each hand, successfully resisted two of his liveliest swordswomen. The whole performance closed with a grand tournament in which each girl was matched successively with each of the others, and the victors fought off the ties.

The Sage, who sat beside us, mused cheerfully on the fine hygienic effect of the exercise, but deprecated its general introduction into private life. "No sensible young man," he thought, "would desire to marry one or more girls, who however available across country with the Meadowbrook Hunt, were so quick and ready at taking a fence!"

Death of Alfred S. Phillips.

Alfred Smith Phillips, better known in the profession as "Al," Phillips, died at the Gillsy House on Friday morning last, of pneumonia, after less than a week's illness, contracted by exposure in the night air, while imprudently returning to his hotel in a thin dress suit. His death was a shock to his friends, for only a few days before he was upon the streets, apparently in good health, and full of hope and anticipation of a successful season next year.

Mr. Phillips was born in Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 19, 1857, and was consequently thirty-one years old at the time of his death. He came to America when a child, and at fifteen years of age joined Stevens' Dramatic company in 1874. In 1876 he was a member of Macanley's stock company in Louisville, and during the latter year was in McVicker's stock at Chicago. Subsequently he joined the stock companies of the Walnut and Arch Street theatres in Philadelphia, and afterwards became a member of one of the early Madison Square Theatre companies playing Hazel Kirke, he at different times taking the characters of Rodney and Lord Travers. He afterwards joined Nell Burgess' *Vim Comedy* company, and remained with him three seasons. After leaving this company, he became ambitious, and devoted over two years in the preliminaries of a starring venture to Robert McWade's *burlesque* of *Faust*. He gave a performance at Atlantic City, N. Y., but some disagreement occurred between him and his backers, and the project was dropped. Mr. Phillips did not despair, and was still trying to interest some capitalists in his undertaking, when he contracted the disease which resulted in his death.

Mr. Phillips had many redeeming points of character, and was a favorite in the profession. He was generous to improvidence, and would often spend his last dollar with his friends, not knowing where the next would come from, rather than be thought parsimonious or niggardly. He was a devoted husband and father, and in spite of his convivial nature, he always, while living, provided for his wife and little ones, but his death leaves them penniless. A benefit to the widow and children has been arranged by Nell Burgess, Ed. Stevens and others, to take place at the Strand and Theatre on May 30. It is to be hoped the professional friends of the deceased present. The services of the mass were solemn and impressive, Father Toole preaching an eloquent sermon over the remains. The casket was fairly covered with flowers. Among those present were the chief mourners, Mrs. Phillips and her two children, and several other relatives, Ed. Stevens, Charles Reeves, Mrs. Williams, Nell Burgess, Frank M. Norcross, Charles F. Vincent, Jennie Williams, J. F. Hanley, Fred Lennox, Minnie Williams, Robert E. Graham, Charles Hawkins, Hardy Vernon, J. Keefe, Frank Currier, Owen Westford, and others.

* * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

The Church and Stage.

As will be seen by the extracts from other papers printed elsewhere in this issue, THE MIRROR's recent symposium

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mind him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

And now relays of traveling managers begin to arrive with mighty tales of phenomenal receipts. The skirmish line of out-of-town managers appears in the distance, with the cry "In the name of the prophet, dates!" The early theatrical bird flourishes her 1888 \$9 contract in triumph, and consults Redfern's advertisements. Professional matinees are frequent at the European steamship offices. A growing army of thespians clamors for entrance on first-nights. Cautionary signals indicating the forthcoming approach of late and uncertain productions are displayed. The amusement columns of the dailies look away. The season's residuum of disputes is stirred about in the court of law or the amateur P. R. The park lawns wear an emerald hue, the succulent oyster lags superfluous on the scene, and strawberries blush on the surface of mixed drinks. Spring has taken her own time along the track, but she's really on the homestretch at last.

Robert Ingersoll's (I write operatic singer is Mme. Scatchi, and the latter is an ardent admirer of the Colonel's writings. Not long ago she asked him for his photograph. One was sent to her bearing this beautiful sentiment: "Imagine amethysts, rubies, diamonds, emeralds and opals melted together. Imagine this molten glory changed to a tone and you have the voice of Scatchi."

The Actors' Fund Dramatic Bureau is flourishing. A count has been kept of the attendance at the Fund's rooms since the Bureau began operations, and the calls have reached an average of over 2,000 a week.

The charges for engagements are reasonable. That they may be compared with those of the agencies I give them here. On engagements of two weeks or less, five per cent. of all salary received; three to six weeks four per cent., and seven weeks or longer one-fourth of one week's salary.

The Sage has discovered in Upper Broadway a window sign with the inscription, "Peanut bar." He takes it to be a delicate hint that neither trust nor treating will be allowed within. Each customer smiles and shells out!

James J. Brady, the only real genuine *Fidus Achates* of that bland and successful manager, J. M. Hill, is not of a sacrilegious turn of mind by any manner of means but the following story of his doings in a down-town newspaper office has become the property of the press in spite of his most strenuous efforts to suppress it. Mr. Brady's mission about a week ago, in a certain office, was to persuade the editor to send a man to Staten Island to inspect Matt Morgan's mammoth painting. He looked at the card that he was asked to fill up, and then with a blush that suffused his face and even gave a ruddy tinge to his eye-glasses, he wrote:

(Mr.) James J. Brady,
(Wishes to see) Mr. J. F. Graham,
(In relation to) Christ entering Jerusalem.

There were twenty-eight items under the heading "Stage Gossip" in the *Denver Republican* of April 25. Of these twenty-three were taken bodily, *verbatim et literatim*, from THE MIRROR of April 14. Not one of the pilfered paragraphs was credited to its source.

The run of La Tosca at the Broadway resembled a pollywog in that it was big at the beginning and small at the end. The curiosity, at first stimulated by the unanimous onslaught of the press, was speedily satisfied, and then the attendance fell off. Entirely aside from the questions of its indelicacy and grossness, La Tosca is not a good play; it is not even an interesting play. Therein lies the secret of its failure to draw.

Who could have dreamed, a few years ago, that close proximity to the end of Wallack's as a stock theatre could be reached without exciting the slightest public interest or the smallest ripple of regret! But then nobody foresaw that this once fine old institution would fall into hands which were too incapable to shape its destinies. The obituary-writer will be forced to admit that, thanks to the managerial undertaker in charge, Wallack's stock doesn't even make a good corpse.

In this connection let me say a word in behalf of ex-Stage Manager Robertson, whose lively account of the past season is appearing in weekly instalments in this journal. Mr. Robertson is not actuated by malice or spite,

as some persons, presumably inimical to him, have insinuated in print. While in Mr. Abbey's service his lips were sealed, although his position was most unjust and uncomfortable. Mr. Abbey allowed the press to saddle Mr. Robertson with the whole responsibility for the failures at Wallack's. As a matter of fact Mr. Robertson's responsibility was purely nominal. Mr. Abbey dictated the policy of the house; Mr. Robertson stood up as a target in the place of his manager. I do not venture to say that the results of the season would have been different had Mr. Robertson exercised the powers as well as worn the badge of his office; but I deem it no more than fair that, having very quietly submitted to harsh criticism and abuse for a long time, he should now be accorded a hearing. Mr. Robertson, does not, it appears to me, owe anything to Mr. Abbey. Neither does Mr. Abbey—now—owe anything to Mr. Robertson, except, perhaps, the dislike which a man must feel for another that he has unjustly injured.

A new recipe for anti-fat has been discovered by Edna Carey. It is the theatrical tank. Before she began diving in A Dark Secret her weight was one hundred and forty-five pounds. Several months of aquatic acting reduced it to one hundred and twenty. John Steison recently paid Miss Carey one of those neat and graceful compliments for which he is so justly noted. He went behind during a performance in Boston and, grasping her hand, remarked enthusiastically, "You're the cleanest actress on the American stage!"

Conflicting Statements.

The report in last week's MIRROR regarding Barry and Fay's treatment of their company has brought forth the most vigorous denials, not alone from those gentlemen but from different members of their company, who protest against the injustice done them. Hugh Fay, when seen at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where the company is rehearsing in McKenna's Flirtations, stated that the truth had been cruelly twisted by the complaining parties.

"My record is a clean one," he said, "and I want it kept so. Mr. Barry has been in the profession about twenty-three years and I have been in it nineteen. We have both been in all manner of companies, and we know how to treat the people whom we engage. As for Edgar Selden, we produced his play according to contract in first-class style. He became cranky and disagreeable to all the women, and we finally came to the conclusion that we would have to let him go. Besides that, he couldn't play his part—that of Krausmeyer. He played it so bad, indeed, that he caught the German measles, and was laid up for about a week. During his illness we paid his salary just the same.

"It was Mr. Selden who abused the ladies, and not us. We never had a word with them. As for Mr. Barry, he is the most polite man among ladies I ever saw. As for the fines, they were \$1 and \$2 each and sometimes as high as \$5. But fining was the only way to make people attend to their duties. Some of the members would come to rehearsals just when it pleased them, and often ignore our wishes in many other things. About five people in the company attended to their business. The company was treated as well as any on the road. They were taken out for sixteen weeks, and were all brought back to New York with their salaries paid to date, and every one of those who were fined deserved it and more."

Later in the week Frank H. Doane and Mae Westworth, of Barry and Fay's company, dropped into the office of the MIRROR to assist in repudiating the report. They both claim to have had the best of treatment. They have no complaints whatever to make; neither were fined, and the ladies of the company, they say, were treated with the greatest respect.

Mr. Selden called on Monday and said: "Judge Fullerton has taken my case in hand. Both Barry and Fay have been served with papers in an action to recover my play and damages. They gave no notice of the closing of their season or of their starting out under Frank McKee's management. My name was omitted from the programme as the author of the play for petty spite. By the terms of my contract I was to have free access to the books of the company. Barry and Fay had the right to McKenna's Flirtation for five years on payment of a royalty of ten per cent. of the weekly profits. I have been unable to get a look at the books to see whether the accounts are correct or not. I was treated badly altogether. They didn't provide new scenery, as agreed; they cut out characters from the piece, introduced horse-play and chestnut gags and utterly ignored the author."

Miss Paullin's Comedy.

"I shall produce my new comedy, Our Baby's Nuts," said Louise Paullin to a MIRROR representative, "at the Walnut Street Theatre on May 7. The piece is in three acts, and instead of being a musical comedy, is a comedy with music. I have made a free adaptation from a German comedy, Die Kindsfrau, by Ferdinand Zell, the eminent Viennese librettist, and Carl Friese, the prominent comedian of Vienna. This piece was Marie Geisinger's great comedy success."

The comedy depicts the laughable incidents which might and do arise in households over the care of the first baby with the parents and other relatives of the young married couple. All insist that their's is the only proper way to rear the child. The servants become imbued with the spirit of the household, and assist in the idiotic turmoil, which would appear thoroughly rational at home, but is very ludicrous upon the stage. It is intended that the comedy shall be funny by perfectly legitimate methods only, and it possesses besides a strong home interest that cannot fail to appeal to the sympathies of the audience even when they laugh at it.

"All of the characters in the piece have sharply contrasted peculiarities, and great care

has been taken that each role will be filled by a person who will look and act the part. Those who will appear in the piece are Lina Johns, late of the Little Tycoon Opera company; Effie Germon, Henrietta Irving, Emilie Edwards, Joseph Frankau, W. H. Crompton, F. M. Kendrick, George Backus, E. H. Van Vechten and myself. Besides all these, we had to have a real live baby two years old, and this latter was one of the most difficult parts of all to fill. A child was needed who would cry only when told to do so, and stop when requested. You can get a baby crying easy enough, but it's a pretty hard matter to close its little mouth. But we've got the baby at last.

"The names of the people engaged will show you the class of work we expect in the comedy. In it they will be called upon to do legitimate comedy work, and to avoid all horse-play; in fact, it is a distinct departure from the so-called farce-comedy of the day. The music of the comedy is entirely new to this country, and much of it has been composed especially for the piece. As for the voices which render it, they are of such a character that, with the addition of a chorus, the company could be transformed into a very pretty little light opera company."

Isaac Fleischmann, the manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, is interested in the piece, and has had his artists hard at work for several weeks preparing entirely new scenery. The second act will be a perfect poem in blue and white. The piece will run for two weeks at the Walnut Street Theatre, and then we expect to come to this city and remain here until the hot weather. Further than that no arrangements have been made."

A Troublesome Scene-Painter.

"The action of Charles Fox, the scene-painter, in placing an attachment on the effects of The Little Tycoon in Brooklyn on Wednesday last week," said Willard Spenser to a MIRROR reporter, "was prompted by spite, and was entirely uncalled for. Mr. Fox was engaged by me to duplicate the scenery of the opera for \$600. The work was to have been delivered on January 1. The sum of \$300 I paid in advance last winter. Since then I have paid in various sums another \$150. On Wednesday night he had attached the scenery, costumes, and box-office receipts, and endeavored to prevent the performance. The receipts, however, were more than sufficient to meet the claim, and the sheriff permitted the performance to proceed. On Saturday next my application to discharge the attachment will come on before Judge Van Brunt. The attached sum now pending the court's decision is over \$900."

Gossip of the Town.

Clara Morris will close her season at Niblo's on May 12.

Robert J. Ward, the basso profundo, is open for summer engagements.

Hardy Vernon sails for Europe early this month, to be gone until August.

Louis Kelly has been engaged as box-office keeper of Tony Pastor's Theatre.

Dan Williams has been engaged by Frank McKee for Barry and Fay's company.

Arthur Dunn closes his engagement with the Pair of Kids company on May 30.

Joseph Jefferson invested \$5,000 in rental property in Fort Smith, Ark., last week.

Isaac C. Verner will put a new comedy by P. S. M. Munro on the road next season.

The Held by the Enemy company closes its season at Niblo's Garden on Saturday night.

Ben Tuthill has been engaged as advance agent for J. K. Emmet for the rest of the season.

Helen Reimer has signed with Barry and Fay for a summer tour over the Pacific coast circuit.

The fiftieth performance of The Pearl of Pekin will be celebrated at the Bijou next Monday.

Pretty Ethel Corlette, soprano, late of Salisbury's Troubadours, has arrived in the city, and is at liberty.

Jessie Villars denies the report that she does not appear in The Crystal Slipper at Chicago Opera House.

The Margaret Mather baseball club defeated the Lawrence (Mass.) amateur nine on Sunday last by a score of 20 to 14.

J. Aldrich Libbey, the baritone, has been re-engaged for the part of Alvin Barry in The Little Tycoon for next season.

A number of needed sanitary repairs are being made at Tony Pastor's Theatre at an expense of several hundred dollars.

Harry Rainforth, of the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, is one of the committee on amusements for the Centennial in that city.

Murry Woods has been engaged by Colonel McCauley to appear in the Lady or the Tiger, at Wallack's Theatre, next Monday night.

Jennie Reiffarth, who has been very ill in Denver the past two weeks, has recovered, and rejoins the Conried Opera company at Cincinnati.

W. A. Whitecar commences an engagement in St. John, N. B., May 14. He will be supported by a good company, headed by George Edson.

The Carleton Opera company has been secured for a six weeks' engagement by Manager Ed. Reindfleisch, of the Highland House, Cincinnati.

George Conway will play Tom Dossiter, the comedy part in Harbor Lights next season, and Lizzie Conway will assume the character of Bridget.

Charles Foster has just completed a new play entitled Under Cover, which has been accepted by George C. Boniface, and will shortly be produced.

The next week will be the last of Erminie at the Casino, and the popular opera is going out in a blaze of glory. Nady comes out on the 14th inst.

Dan Shelby has assumed the management of Charles Erin Verner in Shamus O'Brien, which will be seen at the Windsor Theatre next Monday night.

Families Supplied, a comedy by Harry B. Smith, will, it is said, be produced by Gilbert, Donnelly and Girard, the Natural Gas comedians, next season.

The Black Flag company closed season on Saturday night last at New Britain, Conn., in order to skip a week of one-night stands. The party will reorganize and open under the management of Jacobs and Proctor in Cincinnati next Monday.

Alfred Becks has been engaged by A. M. Palmer to play a part in The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, now being presented at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore.

Charles D. Herman, who has played leading business with Fred. Warde, Janauschek, Raymond and others, has returned to the city, and is open for offers.

The exterior of the Academy of Music is quite gay with bunting all this week in honor of the engagement of the Howard Atherton company at that house.

The Jim the Penman No. 1 company closed season in Philadelphia last Saturday night, while the No. 2 organization closed at Kingston, N. Y., on the same date.

Branch O'Brien, acting for Gustave Frohman, is negotiating with Laura Dainty, giving that actress the right to tour in May Blossom for eight weeks in the North-West.

The new Mountain City Theatre at Altoona, Pa., will open June 11, for a summer season of six weeks. It has a seating capacity of 1,800. W. L. Place is the manager.

Edna Carey is an excellent horsewoman. She has been interviewing dealers in the past few days, for the purpose of buying a saddle horse to send up to her home in the Catskills.

Notwithstanding the fact that Barnum's Circus exhibited against it, Tony Pastor's company played last week at the Novelty in Williamsburg to crowded houses every night.

The London Gaiety company, which appears at the Standard Theatre on November 12 next, sailed on Saturday last from England for Australia, where it is to make a tour before coming here.

Hi Henry's Minstrels are probably the most enduring consociation of sable fun-makers in America, having been in existence eleven years, playing to a profitable business every season.

J. J. Dowling will return to Nobody's Claim next season. Never Say Die will not be put on the road as he finds the expense attaching to the tank and a large company make it an unprofitable piece.

Alfred Thompson will leave this city for Chicago on May 21, to attend to the production of The Crystal Slipper at the Chicago Opera House on June 11. The company will not leave until the 28th inst.

George W. Sammis has been engaged by Colonel Sinn as business manager of the Fascination company, which opens its season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on September 10, for a run of seven weeks.

E. M. Gardiner has engaged Frank Kilday for next season to play the role of Badger in The Streets of New York in place of George Boniface, who intends to go starring in Under Cover, a play by Charles Foster.

Two new theatres are being built at Los Angeles, Cal., each costing over \$150,000. They are expected to be ready in time for the opening of next season. The city has more than doubled in population in the last three years.

Flora Baker, of the Erminie co., and John P. Collins, of Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, narrowly escaped death from fire in the flat at Ninth avenue and Fifty-eighth street, in which they lived, last Thursday afternoon.

The Grand Opera House at Atlantic City, N. J., has just been completed at a cost of \$55,000, and will be opened early in June. It has all the modern improvements, and will be managed by the veteran, Gus Penoyer.

Hal Newton Carlyle, an actor of some note, and the author of several meritorious plays, begins a fourteen months' tour in Ithaca, N. Y., on May 7. From there he goes to Canada and the South for the Fall and Winter.

The Conried Opera company will open at Urig's Cave, St. Louis, on June 3 for a summer season of ten or twelve weeks. Fred. Urban has left the company, and accepted the position of stage-manager of the Tivoli, San Francisco.

Marcus J. Jacobs has resigned his position as treasurer of the Third Avenue Theatre to assume the position of general treasurer of H. R. Jacobs' Imperial Amusement Circuit, which will consist of twenty-one theatres and eleven road companies.

Gracie Heckler, the youngest child of Gus Heckler, has been engaged to play the part of the infant in Our Baby's Nurse, the comedy by Louise E. Paullin, to be produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, next Monday night.

Hattie Harvey, daughter of a well-known Chicago journalist, is becoming a favorite in Vernona Jarbeau's Comedy company, of which she is a member. She receives complimentary notices in the press almost everywhere that the company appears.

The Master-Stroke, a powerful French drama by Mathry, has been bought by Theresa Vaughn. It is described as extremely sensational. Negotiations are said to be pending with the management of a leading Broadway theatre for a run in the Fall.

In Sara Bernhardt's affidavit in the La Tosca-Najezda controversy, she states that she has at her home eight hundred plays, sent to her by so many embryotic Sardous, not one of which has she yet read. Somebody has been posting her upon the methods of New York managers.

The following people, now playing at the Windsor Theatre in Winnett's Passion Slave, have been re-engaged for next season: Hamilton Harris, T. L. Davis, Ed. Thayer, W. T. Melville, Jepp Delano, Charles E. Bowen, F. Johnson, Lizzie Fletcher, Gussie de Forrest, and Fannie Delano.

The San Francisco Minstrels appear at Tony Pastor's Theatre next Monday night. The company comprises Billy Birch, Frank Moran, Hughey Dougherty, Frank Dumont, Harrington and Johnson, the Virtos, the Manhattan Quintette, J. M. Woods, John Dougherty, Charles Shattuck and William Davis.

Curwin H. Gauff, formerly advance agent of Forepaugh's Show, and latterly manager of Abbey's Uncle Tom company, died in Bridgeport, Conn., on Sunday last. Mr. Gauff was a native of Bethlehem, Pa., where his mother and sister reside. He leaves a widow.

Louis Ludovici's comedy from the German which was given a hearing in this city last season, at an author's matinee at the Madison Square Theatre, under the title of A Game of Chance, was presented at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last Friday afternoon, by the entire Jim the Penman No. 1 company, with the exception of Ada Dyas.

The Lake Harriet Garden at Minneapolis, a new summer resort, will open June 2. A fine theatre is attached, in which operas, burlesques, plays, etc., are given.

There will be a meeting of the graduates of the Lyceum Theatre School of Acting, 1885-6-7-8, in the Lyceum Theatre, New York City, Tuesday, May 22, at 3 P. M. A Board of Overseers for the coming year will be elected, and reports from the School Management presented.

At one time during the fire on Thirtieth street, near Broadway, on Tuesday morning, it looked dubious for Daly's Theatre. A line of hose was run through the front entrance to the end of the building, and by the efforts of the firemen the flames were confined to the house in which they originated on Thirtieth street.

James W. Collier is the manager of Everard's Baths, which are located in Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway. The establishment is sumptuously arranged and equipped with every imaginable appliance and device. Mr. Collier's principal is James Everard, the wealthy brewer, who is Sheridan Shook's partner.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Shine (Lavinia Shannon) left New York for Washington on Monday, to remain there during the Summer. A testimonial to Miss Shannon is on the tapis in that city to take place early in June, under the management of prominent citizens. Miss Shannon will produce Lady Audley's Secret, and play the title role.

The report that Frank W. Sanger was negotiating with John A. Mackay to have the latter star in a farce-comedy entitled A Tragedy, is denied by the former. The manager of the comedian, who was aware of the success with which Willie Edouin produced the piece in London, attempted to get it from Mr. Sanger. Fifteen weeks royalty in advance was demanded for the use of the play in this country, and negotiations consequently came to a standstill.

Mrs. Edwin F. Thorne died at Chamberlain's Hotel, Washington, D. C., on Thursday morning last, after a protracted illness. Her husband left his company and went on to the funeral, which took place on Saturday morning. The remains being taken to Philadelphia for interment. The pall-bearers were Steele Mackaye, Hon. A. M. Bliss, Thomas P. Ochiltree and J. C. Davis. Mr. Thorne has the earnest sympathy of his myriads of friends in and out of the profession at his great loss.

Augustus Heckler is one of the happiest men in town. On Sunday night last he was presented by the New York Lodge of Elks with a magnificent watch-pendant. It is an emblem of the order, consisting of an elk's head, set with large diamonds, and bearing the legend, "Faithful." That word describes the character of Mr. Heckler's unremitting services in behalf of his institution. He has been one of its most enthusiastic and valuable members, and the handsome token fittingly typifies the esteem in which he is held by his associates.

The Erminie traveling company will close its season at Providence on Saturday night. Charles Barton, the advance agent of the company, in speaking of the organization to a MIRROR reporter said: "We have done an excellent business and can show a splendid record for an opera company of sixty people. We have given a performance that the people have gone into ecstasies over, and we have played for thirty-two weeks without losing one night or having one case of sickness. Return dates have been played to largely increased business and altogether we have nothing to look back to but what we regard with perfect satisfaction and pleasure."

It may not be generally known that A. S. Phillips, the comedian who died on Friday last, did not leave his widow in circumstances as affluent as the fact of his living at the Gileys House might have warranted him being supposed. But friends of the bereaved woman have sprung up on every side. The proprietor of the Gileys House, James Breslin, has insisted upon her remaining in the hotel until such time as she is entirely ready to leave, and a benefit is to be given her next week, at which a number of her late husband's friends will take part. E. A. Stevens has taken charge of the affair, and the prospects are that it will be given at the Standard on some afternoon of next week. Among those who will most probably appear are Neil Burgess, who will give an act of Vol; Jennie Williams, Robert E. Graham, Loe Fuller, Robert C. Hilliard, and others.

The greatest success possible to attain is the success that is won by true merit. That clever little artist Fanny Rice has long been considered one of the best singing soubrettes on the stage. But this season with the Carleton Opera company she has eclipsed all her former achievements and established herself as a favorite pretty nearly everywhere throughout the country. The critics are enthusiastic in their praise of her work, in many instances claiming that her performances of the characters assigned her in the several operas played by the Carleton company are superior to any they have seen. Miss Rice closes her present engagement early in June and after a short rest in New York she will go to her home in Franklin Falls, N. H., for a few weeks rest before sailing for Europe, where she intends to spend the greater part of the Summer. She will return about the first of September. Although Miss Rice has received several good offers for next season, she is as yet undecided respecting her future plans. She is, however, considering a proposition from a prominent manager of the city.

J. Charles Davis spent the greater part of last week in Washington arranging for the performance of Paul Kauvar, to be given through the courtesy of Harry Miner and Steele Mackaye for the benefit of the Washington Statue Fund next Saturday evening. This week the Paul Kauvar company is playing at Newark in Miner's Theatre. The house will be closed on Saturday night. At one o'clock Saturday morning the entire company, which numbers 125, including the mob, stage hands, and all the people necessary to put the piece on the stage, will leave on a special train via the Pennsylvania Railroad—that corporation having placed the train at their disposal. Three hotels have offered to entertain the company free of charge—the Willard, Chamberlain's Hotel and the Harris House. The gross receipts of the performance are to be handed over to a committee of ladies, among whom are Mrs. Cleveland, Florence Bayard, Mrs. Senator Jones, Mrs. Secretary Whitney, and thirty others. At the conclusion of the performance the company will be tendered a banquet and will then take the train for Cleveland O., where they open next Monday night.

MAGIC TALISMAN (Misco's) Co.: Toledo, O., April 30-week.
MUGGS' LANDING CO.: Boston, Mass., April 30-week.
MAULUM (Irene Kiralfy) Co.: Philadelphia, April 30-week.
MATTIE VICKERS' CO.: Chicago, Ill., April 30-week.
MILTONSON'S PICNIC (Humphrey-Crosley) Co.: Sing Sing, N. Y., May 9, Mattawan 4, Catskill 5, Hudson 7, Rondout 9, Newburg 19, Poughkeepsie 11.
MAGGIE BAKER'S: Cleveland, O., May 2, 3, Portland 4, Dover, N. H., 7, Manchester 8, Concord 9, Haverhill, Mass., 10, Lawrence 11, Lowell 12, Fitchburg 14, Marlboro 15.
MURRAY AND MURPHY: Ashtabula, O., 3, Youngstown 4, Warren 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794,

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES

ADELAIDE RANDALL Co.: Springfield, Ill., May 4-5.
 ST. LOUIS, Mo., 6-week; Austin, Tex., 14-week.
 ANDREWS' OPERA Co.: Buffalo, N. Y., May 6-week;
 Boston 11-weeks.
 BOSTONIANS, Chicago April 30-week; Boston May 7-
 week; New York and New Orleans 10-weeks.
 CORNELL Co.: Newark, N. J., April 30-week; Brook-
 lyn May 7-two weeks; Philadelphia 21-two weeks.
 CONNED-HERRMAN OPERA Co.: Cincinnati, O., April
 30-week; Pittsburgh, Pa., May 7-week, St. Louis just
 opened.
 CARLSON OPERA Co.: Baltimore April 30-six weeks.
 CAMPANINI OPERA Co.: N. Y. City, April 26-indefi-
 nite.
 DUFEY OPERA Co.: New York City April 16-indefi-
 nite.
 EMINIE (Casino) Co.: N. Y. City-indefinite.
 EMINIE (ATODSON'S) Co.: Providence, R. I., April
 30-weeks.
 EMINIE BROTT Co.: Elizabeth, N. J., May 5.
 FRENCH OPERA Co.: Baltimore, Md., April 30-week.
 GRAU'S OPERA Co.: Knoxville, Tenn., May 3-week.
 GILMORE's Band: Nashville, Tenn., May 3, Mem-
 phis 4-5, Helena, Ark., 7, Vicksburg, Miss., 8, Nat-
 onal, 9, New Orleans, 10, Houston, Tex., 14, Aus-
 tin 15-16, Little Rock, Ark., 20.
 IDEAL OPERA Co.: Chicago, Ill., March 29-indefinite.
 KATE BENSBURG OPERA Co.: Yankton, Dak., May 4-5.
 SIOUX FALLS 7-8, Huron 9-10, Aberdeen 11-12, Watert-
 own 13-14, Tracy, Minn., 16, Mandato 17, Rochester 18.
 MCGIBERNY FAMILY CONCERT Co.: Terre Haute, Ind.,
 May 3-5, Indianapolis 7-week.
 MCCAULL'S Co. (No. 1). N. Y., City May 7-week.
 MCCAULL'S Co. (No. 3). Washington, April 30-four
 weeks.
 MACCOLLIN Co.: Wheeling, W. Va., April 30-week.
 MARY FRY'S CONCERT Co.: Windsor, M., May 3.
 MADISON (ATODSON'S) Co.: Philadelphia, April 30-
 week.
 NOSS FAMILY: Marseilles, Ill., May 3, Peru 4, Spring
 Valley 5, Fulton 7, Dixon 8, Sterling 9, Morrison 10,
 Amboy 11, Savanna 12, Polo 14, Oregon 15, Rochelle
 16, New Alb 17, Sylvan 18, 15, Belvidere 19.
 PEARL OF PINK Co.: N. Y. City March 29-indefinite.
 STARK OPERA Co.: Grand Rapids, Mich., April 30-
 week; Kalamazoo, May 7-week; Detroit 14-week.
 THOMAS THOMAS CONCERT Co.: N. Y. City April 29
 week.
 WILBUR OPERA Co.: Holyoke, Mass., April 30-week;
 Springfield May 7-week; Manchester, N. H., 10-
 week; Haverhill, Mass., 24-week; Boston 28-week.
 WELSH PRIZE SINGERS: Ripon, Wis., May 3, Berlin
 4, Oshkosh 5, Elgin, Ill., 8, Joliet 9, Cincinnati 10-12,
 Columbus, O., 15.

MINSTRELS.

BAIRD'S MINSTRELS: Omaha, May 4-5.
BRACH-BOWERS CO.: Chippewa Falls, Wis., May 3, Eau Claire 4, La Crosse 5.
DOCKENBADER'S MINSTRELS: Rochester, N. Y., May 3.
BUFFALO 5, Chicago:—week; St. Louis 14—week.
GORMAN'S MINSTRELS: New Britain, Ct., May 3. Springfield, Mass., 4.
HI HENRY'S: Lancaster, Pa., May 3. Marietta 4.
Columbia 5, Hanover 7, Gettysburg 8, Carlisle 9.
HAYKLEY'S (Cleveland) Co.: St. Cloud, Minn., May 10.

McNISH, JOHNSON AND SLAVIN'S: Danville, Va., May 3.
Norfolk 5, Richmond 7-8, Baltimore 9—week.
TATCHER, PRIMROSE AND WEST: Ottawa, Can., May
3. Ordsburg, N. Y., 4; Kingston 5, Belleville 7,
Toronto, Can., 8-9, and close of season.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

AUSTRALIAN (Austin) Co: Hartford, Ct., May 3 s.
EARLY BIRDS (Lester and Allen) Co: Dallas,
 Tex., May 3. **Sherman & Xenison** s, Texarkana, Ark.,
 7. **Pine Bluff** s, Little Rock 9, Hot Springs 10-11.
Fort Smith 12.
HAULEY and HEART'S Co: Denver, Col., April 30-
 week; **Leadville** May 7-9, Colorado Springs 10-12,
 Kansas City 14-week; **N. Y. City** 28-week, and
 close of season.
HOWARD ATHERNUM Co: **N. Y. City** April 30-week;
 close of season.
KELLAR: Brooklyn April 30-week.
LILY CLAY'S COMB: Brooklyn April 30-week; Phila-
 delphia May 7-week.
REILLY WOODS Co: **San Francisco** April 30-two
 weeks.
RENTZ SENTRY CO: **St. Louis** April 30-week.
SHEPHERD and BLACKLEY Co: Brooklyn April 30-week.
TONY PASTOR COMB: **Jersey City** May 3-5. **Hoboken**
TONY DENIER'S PANTOMIME Co: **Hoboken, N. J.,**
 April 30-week.

CIRCUSES, ETC.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS: Washington, D. C., May 2, 3, 4, 5, Portsmouth, O., 9, Columbus 10, Springfield 12, Cincinnati 13-14, Dayton 15, Muncie, Ind., 16, Indianapolis 17, Louisville, Ky., 18.

FOREPAUGH'S: Norristown, Pa., May 4, Chester 5, Wilmington 6, Philadelphia 7, Lancaster, Pa., 8, Columbia 9, Lebanon 10, Pottsville 11, Reading 12.

FRANK A. ROBINS' CIRCUS: Lewistown, Pa., May 3, Tyrone 4, Houzdale 5, Johnstown 10, Derry 11, Williamsport 12, Irwin 14, East Liberty 15, Monacahegan City 16, Brownsville 17, Williamsport 18.

GRAY'S CIRCUS: "Williamstic, Ct., May 3 5.

HUELBERT'S HIPPIECYCLON: New Bedford, Mass., May 14-16, Providence, R. I., 19.

HUNTER'S CIRCUS: "Montic, N. Y., April 30-week; Westbury, May 9; Oswego 10-13, Binghamton 14-week; Sarquehanna, Pa., 21-22, Carbondale 23-24, Archibald 25-26.

JOHN ROBINSON'S SHOW: Winfield, W. Pa., May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 76

Notes from Paris

PARIS, April 20, 1888.

The Valet de Cœur (Jack of Hearts), produced at the Bouffes last evening, is an opérette very like a half-dozen others that are annually turned out in this good city of Paris. The libretto is very improbable, slightly risky and not at all new. Philidor Nantouillet, a superstitious young man, weds Mlle. Chloé La Barbotière. At the wedding breakfast there are thirteen at table. Somebody spills the salt and somebody else does something else, which, according to old women, is a sure sign of misfortune. So Philidor consults a fortune-teller to know what is to be his luck in his new state. The card-woman had formerly been loved by a Sergeant Cesarin, and meeting him one day decked out with a button-hole bouquet, she concludes that he is to marry his cousin Chloé. Therefore, when Philidor presents himself, she takes him for Cesarin's best man, and predicts that the one whom Chloé loves best will certainly die in the course of the year; she reads the infallible decree in the jack of hearts. As the superstitious Philidor thinks he is the one best loved by Chloé, he sets about to make himself detested by his wife, and he begins by keeping at a wide distance for the first ten days of his marriage. He tries to turn the fatal prediction on his father-in-law, then on Cesarin, who asks nothing better, but this willingness makes Philidor jealous. Finally the fortune-teller, discovering her mistake, admits that she took the bridegroom for the "best man." After the explanation Philidor returns to his conjugal duties without fear and Cesarin marries the fortune-teller. Raoul Pugnol's score is much better than Paul Ferrier's dialogue; the melody is rich, full of inspiration and grace. The cast is rather above the average, for Mme. Grisier Montbazon, Mlle. Gilberte, Cooper, Lamy and the Mace-Montrouge couple make an excellent ensemble.

The revival of Adrienne Lecouvreur at the Comedie-Francaise is an event of considerable importance, for the piece has not been played since Mlle. Favart quitted the company, and some curiosity was manifested to see Mlle. Bartet in the role created by Rachel. This role was the first one that Rachel ever played in prose, and was her first attempt in the drama. Before the first performance, which took place just thirty-nine years ago this month, the great actress had kept her talents exclusively for the tragic poet's. According to the chroniclers of that time the creation of a role outside of the classical repertory caused a profound trouble not only to the illustrious actress, but to her friends. Rachel could not sleep at all, and her friends slept only with one eye. The libraries, the curiosity shops, the antiquarians' salons and collections are all ransacked by the artiste's friends in search of pictures, pieces of stuffs, engravings, tapestries, laces, etc., all to give Rachel an idea of the way her heroine appeared, dressed, and did up her hair—or had it done up by the *coiffeurs* of that period. It was no small affair for a woman accustomed to the Greek and Roman costumes to put on the dresses of a fashionable actress of the beginning of the eighteenth century. Rachel, after much discussion, selected her costumes, but could not reconcile herself to powdering her hair. She appeared during the first nine performances with her raven black tresses, while all the rest of the company were powdered.

The piece is founded on a love legend of the great French actress with Maurice de Saxe, and the learned men tell us that the incident so cleverly used by Scribe and Le Gouvé is only a legend. But historical exactness at the theatre is not essential for the

making of an interesting piece, and the indifference of the authors on this point will be overlooked, because they have given an excellent idea of what Adrienne Lecouvreur was, and made a careful study of the personages and manners of her time. Scribe's pieces never shine by their style, although a great many professors of French in America give them to their pupils as reading lessons; but they are wonderfully well put together. No man knew all the resources of the stage better than Scribe, and although it is the fashion among the young dramatic authors to sneer at his pieces, if they considered them more attentively they would produce better work than they do to day. Skillful dramatists, like Dumas and Sardou, are strong admirers of Scribe, and have studied his methods with great profit.

The new cast at the Français is not a strong one. Of the four principal roles the only one that is played in a superior manner is that of Michonnet, which is rendered by de Ferandy. Mlle Bartet is not heavy enough to struggle with so dramatic a part as Adrienne. In the tender passages she is full of delicacy and grace, although her habit of puckering up her face as if she were just ready to cry, spoils nearly all her roles; in the scenes requiring physical vigor she is entirely insufficient.

At last Zola's *Germinal* is ready, and unless some unforeseen accident happens it will be played at the Chatelet to-morrow evening. *Germinal* is the piece that Busnach arranged from Zola's celebrated novel describing mining life in France, soon after the book appeared in 1885. Permission had been given by the censors, and the piece was in rehearsal when M. Goblet, then Minister of Fine Arts, asked to see the manuscript. He was so shocked by the general tenor of the drama that he put his veto on the performance, and this veto led to a warm discussion in the press. Zola called on the Minister and tried to get the prohibition removed, but without success. He described this visit to M Goblet in an article in the *Figaro*, wherein he drew a sketch of "Little Goblet" that was anything but flattering. The minister: change so often in France that, with patience, an author frowned on by one can get a smile from another. Zola waited. M. Goblet's successor, M. Berthelot, said that personally he was a great admirer of *Germinal*, but he thought it would not be polite to authorize a drama that his predecessor had forbidden. Above all as M. Goblet was still in the cabinet as Minister of the Interior. Another change soon occurred. This time the amiable M. Spuller took charge of the Fine Arts, and when consulted about *Germinal* made practically the same reply as Mr. Berthelot. But, added the sly man, make a new piece, present it to the censors, and then I will authorize it. So Busnach and Zola rewrote the original manuscript. The only important change they made was in the seventh tableau, which had caused most of the discussion with M. Goblet. That minister was after all not entirely to blame for his objection, seeing that in the original version Zola had shown the striking miners pelted the gendarmes, and Mlle. Moquette presenting to them in all the nudity of a statue in a gallery of sculpture a part of her body that the late Henry Ward Beecher once counselled mothers to spank, as Nature intended, instead of striking their children over the head. The tableau has been so changed that the fight takes place in the side scenes and Moquette's body is brought in on a stretcher. Zola says the scene is *raff*, horrible, stupid, anti-dramatic, and grotesque. But public morality has been spared.

The custom among actors and actresses of taking a name not their own is probably more widespread in France than in any other country. Here are the pseudonyms of some of the artists of the principal Paris theatres. Mlle. Julia Bartet, of the Français, who has just appeared as Adrienne Lecouvreur, received from her parents the name Jeanne Regault. Mlle. Brandes, whose recent début at the Français has been mentioned, used to be known as Charlotte Brunswig before she entered the Conservatoire. Martel in private life is M. Carliste; Leloir's real name is Salot; Mlle. Dudlay is, in reality, Mlle. Dulait; the beautiful Mlle. Marsay, the heroine of Ohnet's Grande Marinière, is the daughter of Mme. de Brochard; Paulin Menier, the remarkable actor in the same piece, was baptized as René Lecomte. At the Odéon, the elegant young walking gentleman, M. Amaury, calls his wife Mme. Socquet; his comrade, Colombey, is known in civil life as M. Laurent; Freville, second c comedian at the same theatre, is M. Langlois, and the manager, Porel, has long ago forgotten that his right name is Parfouron. At the Palais Royal, Mlle. Elven is Susanne Canton, Mme. Dezover is Mme. Jourdonnenc, and Mme. Dinelli, Mme. Domenclch. The joyous Daubray's real name is Michel Thibaut, and his comrade, Numa, was born Baschefer Lasouché, or the Variétés has a perfect right to call himself the Baron de Bouquin de Lasouché; Léonce is Edouard Nicole; Christian's real name is Christian Perrier. The genial Lafontaine of the Gymnase bears the American name of Thomas; the handsome Romani is plain M. Bordère. Mme. Marie Laurent is Mme. Desrieux, and her maiden name of Allouze is the baptismal name of her brother-in-law, Luguet, the oldest member of the Palais Royal company. Mme. Mathilde, of the Renaissance, is Mme. Leborne. Dumaine, one of the rare survivors of the old melodramatic school, long ago abandoned his own name of Person. Chelles, of the Ambigu, is Paul Lechien, and Dumény, of the same theatre, is M. Richomme. The famous cabaret concert singer, Paulus, who has sung General Boulanger's praises all over the country, is Paulin Nabans.

An unusual force of police around the Grand Opera, on the stage and even among the "supers," puzzled the curiosity of the visitors of the Monday evening. What was up? It appeared that some joker sent an anonymous letter to the managers on Sunday, warning them that some anarchists intended to smuggle themselves in among the supers, and throw explosive bombs into the orchestra. The managers swallowed the joke, and called upon the police for protection.—Every seat for Coquelin's farewell benefit at the Français, on the 28th, is taken.—Mlle. Marguerite Lamoureux, daughter of the distinguished orchestra leader, has just been married to M. Camille Chevillard, a young composer and pianist.—It is reported that Busnach has been authorized by M. Victor Cherbuliez to dramatize his novel the "Ferme du Choquard" for the Porte Saint-Martin.—M. Aristides Hignard, who has been waiting twenty years to have

adaptation of Hamlet performed, has at last induced the manager of the Nantes Theatre to give it a hearing.—The Parisians who went to see the Breton plays at Morlaix were not very much impressed by the spectacle.

In the Courts

MISS DAVENPORT'S VICTORY

The effort of Maurice Barrymore to enjoin Fanny Davenport from producing *La Tosca* has resulted in a signal defeat for the actor, and his claim that the play was a steal from his own production, *Nadjezda*. The argument of ex Judge Dittenhoefer, in behalf of Miss Davenport, was clear and forcible, and backed up by convincing affidavits from Sardou, Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Davenport, Judge Barrett was left no alternative but to decide the case at once, which he did in few words, denying the application. Mr. Barrymore's lawyer argued that all the valuable and attractive situations in *La Tosca* had been copied from Barrymore's play, and he read from affidavits of Leonard Grover, Clinton Stuart, T. W. Robertson and Selina Dolaro the substance of which has been given in *THE MIRROR*, in support of his statement that the plays were similar in plot, scene and language.

The affidavit of Sardou, in answer to these claims, was clear and to the point. It ran as follows:

Victorien Sardou, being duly sworn, deposes that he is a dramatic author, a member of the French Academy, and resides at No. 37 rue du General Foy, Paris, France. Deponent further says that he has never received from Sardou any manuscript or document, and that he has never seen a certain piece called "Nadjiska," which he believes to be the above-named plaintiff's claim to have written. Deponent says that he knows nothing about the plot, or the characters, or the time or the place, of "Nadjiska," and with the exception of what he has heard and read in the papers since the said plaintiff has claimed that deponent's play *La Tosca* was an adaptation of the said "Nadjiska," he knows nothing about the said "Nadjiska." Deponent believes that the said play of Nadjiska is a copy made from Shakespeare. Deponent says that neither Shakespeare, nor the plaintiff, have given him the ideas of the play *La Tosca*. Deponent further says that he has seen how he found in a book of French history the facts from which he conceived the plot of his *La Tosca*, and which being his'orial belong to everybody and are common to everybody. Deponent further says that the said book of French history, that in the year 1540, the "Connectable" Anne de Montmorency entered the city of Bordeaux, in which an insurrection had taken place against the king who ordered the leaders of the insurrection to be hanged or burnt.

In the history of the City of Bordeaux, by Dom Devienne, at page 115, appears the following description of a play, literally translated into English, reads as follows: "The two brothers, De Saint-Just and Luthornac, had their heads cut off. The wife of the latter, who was remarkably beautiful, went and threw herself at the feet of the Constable imploring his pardon. He was so moved by her beauty and her tears, and which the desire to save her husband prevented him from refusing. The Constable had the Jurat put to death the time he was taking the honor of this woman. The wife of Luthornac was the only daughter of the history of La Faille in the annals of Toulouse. Depont says that he has had among his papers for upward of fifteen years the memoranda which he made to write a piece out of the historical event above related. It was the first time when the Constable of France, Depont had when he saw the facts as they are told in the histories, and the action was to take place at Bordeaux; and he had retained the original characters, to wit: the Constable, the Jurat, the wife of Luthornac, and when depont set to work to write out the piece in May last, he desired not to put on the stage again an event of the fifteenth century, at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. He therefore changed the scene, and made the drama, La Patrie had just been given there and the opera composed on the same plot and bearing the same title had also been produced? at the Grand Opera in Paris about the same time. The plot of the said drama La Patrie at the Grand Opera was the same as that which took place in the Netherlands, depont there fore changed the action from Bordeaux to Rome and placed it at the beginning of the century. In that way he made the Constable of France, the wife of Luthornac, the stable Baron Scarpia. As to the way the piece ended, and which depont is informed is again claimed by the play as an imitation of his play Nadja, depont says that he had never seen the play, but that he thought it should end her life in a shower of arrows from a window from a tower or into a river. This situation has been dramatized in a number of pieces, and no later than a couple of years ago in what was called La Comtesse Scarpia. Obviously the play was not the same as the Grand Theatre in Paris.

VICTORIAN SARDOL.

Then the following short affidavit of Bernhardt was presented:

Sarah Bernhardt, being duly sworn, does depose and say that she is a tragedienne and has played *La Tosca*, a drama written by Victorien Sardou. Deponent says that she has known Victorien Sardou for a number of years. First heard that Victorien Sardou had written the drama entitled *La Tosca* about September, 1887, in Crowsville, Md., at that time she was in the Theatre Francaise, Theatre Porte St. Martin. Mr. Victorien Sardou read the play to her at the time she knew that Mr. Sardou was writing a play for her, but did not know it was *La Tosca*. Deponent never had any conversation with Victorien Sardou about the play. Deponent says she did not know anything about the said plot until after she read the play, or at least Mr. Sardou read the play to her. Deponent is not acquainted with Maurice Barrymore, and has never met with him. Deponent says that Maurice Barrymore gave piece called *Nadjesda* to Mr. Gran gave said piece to her. When she returned from the United States to Paris last she returned it to Maurice Gran. She gave it back without having read it. Yes it is true that she has read the great manuscript of *Nadjesda* eight hundred or more pages; never reads them, and has never read the manuscript of *Nadjesda*. Depoosene further says that she never gave the manuscript of *Nadjesda* to Victorien Sardou, nor any other person connected with the said play. Deponent says that she never read the manuscript and not being informed of the plot of the said play she could not and did not speak with or write to said Victorien Sardou about the same; and she states most emphatically that said Sardou never heard of the said information until after the production of the part of the said play, *Nadjesda*. Deponent says that since *La Tosca* was produced in Paris in the month of November last, she has heard through the newspapers through Victorien Sardou, and through other persons, that she had been accused of having stolen the parts of the play *Nadjesda*, alleged to have been written by him, had been copied by Victorien Sardou, and that all depoent heard about the play or knows of it.

Miss Davenport in her affidavit said that she purchased the right to La Tosca from Sardou for 100,000 francs in cash, beside the commissions of his agents and all incidental expenses connected with purchase, amounting to an additional 10,000 francs. The play had been produced at the Porte St. Martin in Paris on Nov. 24, 1887. Madame Bernhardt played the leading role, Floria Tosca. It achieved great success. In New York elaborate preparations were made for the production of the play by Miss Davenport, and it had cost her in the neighborhood of \$38,000 in cash, including the price of the play, before the curtain was raised upon its first performance on March 3, 1888. Up to that time she had not seen nor heard of the plaintiff's play Nadjezda, nor did she know of its scenes, *motif*, incidents or cast of characters. Since the commencement of the action she had ascertained that Nadjezda was first produced in Baltimore for two or three nights and then at the Star Theatre in this city on Feb. 11, 1884. It was then taken to other cities, but was a failure. It was produced in Chicago in May, 1887. It was intended for a week's performance there and was so publicly announced, but was such a failure that it could not be run for even two weeks, and Madame Modjeska was obliged

after Wednesday of the week, to substitute another play. Prior to that time in January 1836, it was performed at the Haymarket Theatre in London and met with a signal failure. "Thereafter little or nothing was heard of the play until about the time of the commencement of this action, which I verily believe and charge," says Miss Davenport, "is brought to give the plaintiff and his play prominence by connecting them with a playwright like Sar-

Mrs. Davenport had recently read *Nadjezda*, and in her opinion it was very badly written. She believed it was written in Modjeska's private car in the short period of five weeks.

"The story of *Nadjezda*," she continues in her affidavit, "is told in a prologue and three acts. The prologue shows *Nadjezda*'s husband (who, however, is not a character in the play) a prisoner of the Russian General Zebrouf. *Nadjezda* was courted by Zebrouf five years before the play opens, but she jilted him for her husband Count Lavinsky. Zebrouf, having Count Lavinsky in his power, sends her a letter in which he offers to give her back her husband if she submits to his vile proposition. Zebrouf does not appear in the prologue, and the first that is seen of *Nadjezda* is her return from her visit to Zebrouf, hysterical, and finally becoming mad. Her husband is sent home to her dead, and *Nadjezda* poisons herself, giving her child Nadine to the care of one Kervitch, dedicating her to the work of avenging her wrongs. Between the prologue and play twenty-one years are supposed to have elapsed. Kervitch, in the prologue, becomes Baron Barsch in the play, and the keeper of a gambling saloon where the two acts that follow are laid; Nadine is a decoy for a secret Nihilistic society, of which Barsch is the head and front. She is a bold, shameless adventurer, betraying those who fall in love with her into the hands of Barsch and his co-conspirators. She has attracted the attention of one Paul Deveraux, who visits the gambling den. He also becomes a member of the society. Zebrouf is to be killed by this society, and the lot falls to Paul to do the assassination. Zebrouf, knowing the character of Nadine, asks Barsch to give her to him as his mistress, which Barsch promises to do. Nadine, intending to prevent Paul from committing murder, consents to become Zebrouf's mistress, and goes to his chateau, detaining him from taking the train upon which the assassination is to take place. While in his chateau Zebrouf shows her *Nadjezda*'s dagger, and then Nadine, for the first time knowing who Zebrouf is, fulfills her mission by killing him.

"There is not a line in one play to be found in the other. The one is a live story, the other a political tragedy. There is absolutely nothing in common between them excepting one incident—that of a woman bartering her honor to secure the release of her husband or lover; and herself being betrayed by being shown the dead body of the prisoner for whom all was sacrificed, and even that incident is not thus fully shown in *La Tosca* for there, as above shown, Floria in *La Tosca* never sacrificed her honor. She accedes to Scarpia's will but kills him after the order for her husband's release is given and the passport is signed."

Miss Davenport compared the two plays for length in her affidavit showing that Mr. Barrymore's claims were erroneous. The success of *La Tosca* she attributes to the masterly manner in which Sardou has unraveled his story and his powerful creation of dramatic situations and scenes. She further alleged that she is informed and believes that Barrymore does not own *Nadjezda*, and that supplementary proceedings arising from a judgment for \$633 57 obtained by Ellen A. Cumming against him be testified that he had written both plays, *Honor and Nadjezda*, both of which he had sold to his wife for \$900. Other affidavits were read in opposition to statements made by Mr. Barrymore, and the affidavits of the theatrical people who claimed to have discovered a resemblance between *La Tosca* and *Nadjezda*.

Gossip of the Town.

Etta Hawkins has rejoined The Main Line company.

Gus F. Hall has left the stage, and will teach singing in Detroit.

The Ermine traveling company closes season on Saturday night at Providence.

Marie Mulock, who has been ill to several months past, is now reported entirely recovered.

Horace McVicker arrived in this city last week in search of attractions for McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, of which he is the assistant manager.

Minnie Maddern's season closed on Wednesday night at Yonkers. She does not appear at the Madison Square in the Summer, as stated in certain papers.

William Hock started for Melbourne, Australia, on Friday, to fulfill a years' engagement with the Amy Sherwin Opera company as director and stage-manager.

One Frank Taylor, alias Levick, has been representing himself as agent for Newton Beers Lost in London company. Mr. Beers wishes it understood that Taylor never was and nor ever will be connected with him in any capacity.

Madame Ponisi has presented Osmond Tearle with Edwin Forrest's Richelieu cross and signet ring, and Charlotte Cushman's order of the Garter, which was worn by the lady in Hamlet. Mr. Tearle will sail for England on May 16, on the *Buffalo*, accompanied by his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grove, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Ward, Enid Leslie, T. V. Lovell, Charles Dodsworth, J. W. Pigott, and Shelley and W. Crosby.

We have just received, "with compliments from Editors K. L. Caswell and W. W. Jefferson," a copy of *The Jack-Knife*, a little paper of four pages, the size of which is about five by four inches. The W. W. Jefferson referred to is the nine-year-old son of Joseph Jefferson, the comedian, and he has issued a journal that contains three clever things—an editorial, the first instalment of a continued story, entitled "More Fun Than a Goat," and an advertisement of a harmonica. Young Mr. Jefferson's editorial shows that he possesses a large talent. He says: "The *Jack-Knife* is open and ready for business. . . . Just as George Washington's little hatchet cut its way to fame, so we expect the *Jack-Knife* to carve us a respectable honorable name in journalism. . . . So pull off our cap to you all and say, 'Here we are! How are you?'"

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, April 19

Although your great cryptogrammatical crank, Ignatius Donnelly, has descended on these shores, and not only so, but described his cryptogram in a mysterious manner before some intense Baconians at Westminster Town Hall on Tuesday, our part of the world keeps on spinning down the ring-grooves of change in much the same style as at the last time of mailing. Dramatic journalists have, as usual, had a hard time of it, for they have been called to many functions. These functions range, for the purposes of this present letter, from the return of Irving and company to the Lyceum, last Saturday, to the Royal General Theatrical Fund Annual Dinner, of which more anon.

Imprimis, as to Irving and company. At an early hour last Saturday afternoon, large numbers of ardent playgoers might have been observed camping, or rather camp strolling, outside the Lyceum doors, in order to secure good seats wherewith to welcome Henry and Ellen and their clever crowd fresh from your shores, and bearing with them much United Statesmanship and West Pointedness. The play chosen for their re-entry was good old Faust, and this was its 508th performance. Barring a few scenic hitches (a strange thing to happen at the Lyceum), Willis' weird mixture of Goethe went as well as ever, and the principal players were recalled as often as ever, only more so. It was generally voted that Irving and Miss Terry never played better, or seemed in better spirits. But for all that, if you ask me, I should say that Faust is nearly done with, except for occasional revivals, and that Irving will do well to put some important production into rehearsal forthwith. In the speech, which, as a matter of course, the Lyceum lessee gave off at the fall of the curtain, he pointed out that he intended to presently put on A. C. Calmoun's play, The Amber Heart, and the old merry melodrama, Robert Macaire. I cannot regard either of these, however, as of great importance. The Amber Heart is a pretty playlet, giving considerable scope for the Fair Ellen's powers, but it is slight, very, even to attenuation, and, although Irving may, as some think, represent Coranto, the middle-aged and anything but merry jester, he will hardly make more of it than Willard did at the trial-matinee of the piece; for, look you, it is a character depending entirely upon elocutionary effort, and hence not entirely in our greatest character actor's line. As to Robert Macaire, that is a fossil, and not one of the best fossils either.

Monday commenced the last week of Coquelin's engagement at the little Royalty, when the great man appeared as Henri Duval in the latest Parisian success, Les Surprises du Divorce, a screamingly funny farcical comedy, the English rights of which have been secured by John Hare, much to the chagrin of the other English purchasers in the French market. Your readers, sir, have doubtless already been made acquainted with the general details of the plot of Les Surprises, etc. I will, therefore, confine myself to stating that it is the old question of the mother-in-law, with a difference, and shows how the hero (if one may call him so), divorces his wife to escape from his mother-in-law, and then marries a motherless girl only to find that his new father-in-law has married his former wife, who thus becomes his new mother-in-law, and there you are, dear cherknow. This is, as you will own, a funny idea, and MM. Bisson and Mars (the former the author of that rollicking "mother-in-law" piece, Le D^{eu} de Bombignac) have worked it out in the funniest possible manner. Coquelin's Duval (originally played in Paris by Jolly) is a side-splitting performance. He has been well supported all round.

The indefatigable Mayer, who has been running the above French play season (his nineteenth in London) announces that he will on July 9 bring the great Sara to the Lyceum to play La Tosca, concerning which so much ink has been shed of late on your side.

The long-promised and often-postponed appearance of Mrs. Edmund "Delsarte" Russell took place at The Princess' on Monday afternoon. The little lady elected to show in an adaptation by Professor A. W. Mommery, of our old friend Racine's tragedy Phedre. I am bound to say that success did not crown the fair Delsarte's efforts. Kind friends in front, who were at first very kind, soon tired partly of the clever lady's well-studied and well-meaning gestures, but chiefly of the translation which was, in prose, as bald as the proverbial billiard ball. I shall, therefore, reserve full criticism on Mrs. Russell until a later date. Perhaps she will come out better on Friday afternoon, when she will present at The Princess', in company with her husband, Judge Talford's tragedy Ion. I could well wish, however, that some better play had been chosen, for notwithstanding that the Judge (who wrote the play up for Macready) is said to have taken four and twenty years in its composition, I have known many a more interesting play written in as many weeks, or even days.

This has been a week of many little new pieces. The first of these I have to chronicle was produced at St. George's Hall last Thursday night, and was called The Honeycomb in Eclipse. It had been penned by George Moore—a young man who either styles himself or is styled by his friends "the English Zola." Moore certainly resembles the author of Nana in his ordinate fondness for prurient detail, but otherwise the likeness is not conspicuous. Moore's "realism" being in the present instance kept in check by a wholesome

fear of the play licenser, there proved to be in The Honeycomb in Eclipse very little worth notice—and what there was happened to be based on a story by Mrs. Godfrey entitled "Ugly Barrington."

The second playlet was put up at a Prince of Wales' matinee on Friday, and was called Palmistry. It was the work of a Mr. Ralph Lumley, a relation, I believe, of the Court Journal. It proved to be a charmingly-written duologue, showing a young sailor of good birth and a maiden, also of high degree, whose respective families have had a feud since a hundred and fifty odd years, meet for the first time as perfect strangers at a fancy ball, the maiden being habited as Romeo and the mariner being habited as Juliet. Then it is shown, after considerable repartee has been given off and a little mock-palmistry has been indulged in, that these two young things develop a love for each, sprung (like that of Mr. R. Montague and Miss J. Capulet) from their only hate. The clever trifle was splendidly played by the fair Kate Rorke, of the Vaudeville, and her affianced husband, E. W. Gardiner, of the Drury Lane.

Two more tiny plays were produced on Wednesday afternoon. The scene of operations was Willis' Rooms (the Almack's of old) where, notwithstanding the lack of scenery and act-drop, and the presence of paraffin lamps in lieu of "limes," the new pieces were very well got through. They were entitled respectively, Love and Halfpence and Chiro-mancy, and were presumably by Mr. W. Poel, who played in both. I say presumably, because he is always doing this sort of thing and he does it as a rule out of the German. The first-named shows how an erratic but kindly stockbroker calls at a certain young lady's house for the return of a halfpenny he lent her in order to help her make up her tram-fare on a certain day. During his visit, although he fails to get his coin back, he manages to oust an unpleasant potato merchant who was to have espoused the lady on two hours' time and marries her himself. Poel plays his part with some success, and was ably assisted by the present Charles Dickens's daughter, Mary.

The other piece, Chiro-mancy, deals, like the aforementioned Palmistry, with the telling of events by means of the lines on the hand. In this case, however, the teller unconsciously unmasks the mercenary designs of a howling dupe who would fain marry her money, and also, at the same time, causes a handsome widow, who has some affection for the swell, to denounce him and renounce him. After which the swell departs ignominiously. In this Poel, who represented the swell, played much better than in the first piece. The charming widow was charmingly played by Mary Rorke, big sister to the hereinbefore named Kate.

Three other one-act plays are toward. Two of these are being produced as I write—(1) The Bookworm, by Alec Nelson, which is the stage of Socialist Doctor Aveling, and (2) In the Train, an adaptation from the French by a Mr. Ernest Radford. No. 3 is by W. Best (part-author of several curtain-raisers), and is entitled Physic, Law and Divinity. It is to be produced on Terry's to-morrow night, in front of Sweet Lavender, which, as I told you last week, the poet Allingham declares Pinner took from his (A's) unacted play, Hopgood & Co. Since I last mailed, Pinner has written to deny the hard impeachment. P. says he considers this as "final," but I don't think A. does. Anyhow time, small bills, and more letters in the papers will show.

The Golden Ladder by George R. Sims and Wilson Barrett, was to have been withdrawn from the Globe last Saturday, owing to Barrett's tenure of the house drawing to a close. Barrett had thought of devoting all the rest of his time to revivals of certain other plays in which he has scored, but business remains so big that the Golden Ladder has been kept on the bills and will continue so during most of the balance of Barrett's time. W. B. has decided after all not to produce his version of The Deceit at the Globe, but in its place will probably give one or two matinees of the Silver King.

To-night (Thursday) George Giddens and T. G. Warren will put on the Novelty of the latter's farcical comedy, Bonny Boy, which was tried on the matinee dog at the Criterion last year and was found somewhat wanting. Warren has since, however, revised the piece somewhat, so it may now be all right. It is to be hoped it is, for G. and W. have not made much money at the Novelty up to the time of writing.

The other important function of the week I have to chronicle is the Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner, which took place at the Hotel Metropole, last night. The Earl of Lathom took the chair and was supported by Lord Polimore and several men of theatrical light and leading—and others. As the Earl happens to be also Lord Chamberlain and Licensor of Plays, the affair was thought to be invested with more than usual interest in managerial eyes, and it was hoped that a beat on record in the way of subscriptions would have been reached. Though this was not achieved we managed with a total of £800 to go £200 better than last year when Wyndham presided. Last year's show was, indeed, as fine a case of great cry and little wool as has ever been met with in this connection. The evening was not without its humors. Lord Lathom is a very nice old gentleman, and wears a magnificent beard, but is not otherwise remarkable. Pinner was put up to respond for the drama, and fired off a volley of chestnuts with such adroitness that many thought they were entirely new and original. Lal Brough (whom the toastmaster inadvertently announced as "Lady" Brough, replying for the stage, bragged of his family all the time. Almost without an exception, all the laughs came in the wrong places—not only in Brough's, but in all the other efforts at post prandial oratory.

Poor "Billy" Hill, one of our most popular low comedians, died suddenly last week, and was buried yesterday. Among Hill's latest successes was his Mr. Cattermole in The Private Secretary.

From THE MIRROR to hand this week I see that "London's latest craze," Monte Cristo, Jr., was "adapted, arranged and produced under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Jen-

nie Kimball." This is, of course, a pirated version of Richard Henry's burlesque, which ran for six months at the London Gaiety, and for another six months in the English provinces. Reading between the lines of your critic's notice, I should say that Mrs. Kimball, whoever she is, has not only pirated but garbled the burlesque, which was really and truly the most successful work of its kind ever produced at the Gaiety—or, for that matter, at any other London theatre. Mrs. Kimball has not only stolen, but has stolen clumsily. As the authors of the libretto took the precaution to protect their rights by formal assignment to an American citizen prior to the English production in December, 1886, there is every possibility that Mrs. Kimball's ingenuity will be fittingly rewarded.

Comment.

CHURCH VERSUS STAGE.

Boston Post.

In the last number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, which may fairly enough be called the leading dramatic journal in this country, there is an interesting "symposium" upon the often-mooted question of the relations which exist, or should exist, between the church and the stage. It is intended as a correlative discussion with that in a recent number of the Christian Union, in which well-known representatives of the dramatic profession were the disputants; in the words of THE MIRROR, "the participants are all leaders in the religious, social and medical life" of New York. Whether the results of such a consensus of public opinion—accompanied, as it is, by an exceedingly fair and able summary of the vital points developed—may have any practical value or not, there can be no doubt of its interest to the public generally. The drama, after all, must stand or fall upon its merits as art; but meanwhile, especially in the absence of any large body of enlightened public opinion competent to pass judgment upon artistic theories, the discussion of its moral aspects may perhaps be commended. There has always existed so much bigotry about the stage, differing in degree rather than in kind from the bigotry so long prevalent regarding all the unscientific professions, that these moral aspects have had a prominence quite beyond their intrinsic importance.

So far as the clergy are concerned, there is a wide difference of opinion among those representatives of it who have been consulted by THE MIRROR. The "evangelical" people, like Dr. Deems and the Rev. J. M. Buckley, take the narrowest view and condemn the stage outright. This, it need hardly be said, is quite in accordance with their traditions. What such have to say of the stage they have said, *mutatis mutandis*, of other popular diversions. None the less the arguments brought to bear by Dr. Deems deserve passing consideration, if only for the fact that they demonstrate the entire absence of any basis of mutual accommodation between the stage and that section of the church which he represents. Dr. Deems takes exceptions to theatre-going because there are saloons near the theatres, and because "improper persons" go to both. "If every theatre on the planet were closed for five years," he asks, "would the world be worse?" Since the reverend gentleman elsewhere speaks of Goethe's "Faust" as "a very bad book" it is quite evident what his one answer to this question is. Mr. Buckley, in another who finds nothing to approve in the stage and little, if we understand him rightly, in all stage literature. He puts *She Stoops to Conquer* and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* in his index *ex professo* *terribilis*, and remarks in his own genial fashion that "London Assurance should receive no 'commemoration from the Christian.' Although he makes no direct charges, we suspect from the general tenor of his arguments that everything about the theatre, in his opinion, is as bad as it can well be. He relates his own fearful experience in theatre-going in early youth, and adds that "the influence of its course upon his moral and religious character was decidedly bad." This testimony is interesting, but it can hardly be accepted as conclusive.

It is pleasant to turn from such criticisms as these to the fairer statements of other clergymen, like the Rev. George H. Houghton and the Rev. Father Ducey, who express very well the general sentiments of the Episcopal and the Catholic communities generally. Both advise a wise discretion in the choice of plays; but both refuse to condemn the stage as a whole, and are willing to admit its usefulness as a social force. Two physicians of the New York, Dr. Guernsey and Dr. Robertson, strongly commend the drama from a hygienic point of view, and the Rev. Robert Colyer speaks decisively of its healthful moral influence. But the most interesting contribution to THE MIRROR's "symposium" comes from Colonel Rogersoll. What he has to say is, on the whole, admirable; and, curiously enough, as THE MIRROR points out, it is in essential agreement with the conclusions formulated by Dr. Lyman Abbott in the *Christian Union*. Like Colonel Rogersoll, Dr. Abbott insists with force and reason upon the cardinal distinction between aesthetics and ethics, which has been more than once insisted upon in these columns. Upon this aspect of the question he remarks: "It is not the function of the drama to teach moral lessons. A moral lesson neither makes nor mends either a drama or a novel. The moral quality of a play does not depend upon its result. The real function of the drama is like that of the novel—not to amuse, not to excite, but to portray life, and so to minister to it. As and virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in every serious story or serious play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed, the play is immoral; if so portrayed that the vice repulses and the virtue allures, the play is moral. The church has no occasion to ask the theatre to preach; though if it does preach we have a right to demand that its ethical doctrines be pure and high. We have a right to demand that the play should in its life it so portray vice as to make it abhorrent, and so portray virtue as to make it attractive."

This is the real issue. The stage, like every other artistic force, is only a moral force so far as its highest and truest art is concerned. The good it does by its direct action, and whether or not this good is recognized by the church as an institution is a matter of comparatively little moment. Nevertheless, the discussion has so interested, and it may give a portion of the public clearer ideas upon this very point; and for this reason, if for no other, the "symposium" in THE MIRROR deserves wide and careful reading.

ACCORDS ANOTHER TRIUMPH TO THE STAGE.

Boston Commonwealth.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has, with characteristic liberality, opened its columns to an expression of views on the theatre by a number of well-known clergymen of different denominations, and by several prominent persons of other professions. Over eleven columns of the issue of April 15 are devoted to this "elucidation of ideas," and with the most interesting results. From the nature and the dignified character of the stage by the Rev. Mr. Buckley, to the broad and beautiful tribute of Robert Rogersoll, is a long distance, intellectually, and this curious comparison of opinions cannot but prove as instructive as it is entertaining. Mr. Fiske, the editor of THE MIRROR, has shown his usual sound judgment and discrimination in this, his latest work, and a dispassionate review is still another triumph to the stage.

LIKELY TO PRODUCE GOOD RESULTS.

Buffalo Sunday Truth.

Following the example of the *Christian Union*, in allowing representatives of the dramatic profession to express their views of the church and stage question in the pages of that journal, the NEW YORK MIRROR yesterday extended a like courtesy to leading clergymen of the metropolis, including Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, father-in-law of Rev. J. P. Ebert, of this city, Rev. Robert Colyer, and others. Such a discussion is likely to produce good results. Drs. Deems and Buckley can not find any good in the theatre. Dr. Deems admits that it has not been in a theatre in thirty years. He thinks a man can be trusted to select his own creed, but that the church should select his amusements. Dr. Buckley is even more severe. He says that the theatre is a "great evil," and that it is "the most pernicious of all the vices of the age."

THE SYMPOSIUM IN BOSTON.

Boston Beacon.

The last Sunday Herald's discussion of the reciproc-

cal attitude of the pulpit and the stage owes an indebtedness, which it does not sufficiently recognize, to the exposition of the same subject in THE NEW YORK MIRROR of the previous day.

The Port Jervis Amateur Opera Co. produced for the first time The Bells of Corneville at the Opera House on Thursday night last, to a large, fashionable and appreciative audience. This opera was rehearsed under the direction of Prof. E. G. Fowler, of this place. The principal characters were very creditably taken by Kate Walsh as Serpolette, Carrie Van Wormer as Germaine, Emil Marchand as Henri, George M. Decker as Gaspard, Bert Mages as the Bailiff, and George Horsback as Grenacheux, with a sparkling chorus of forty voices and an orchestra of ten pieces. The co. achieved a splendid success artistically and financially.

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Fanny Rice is used to appreciation, but she must, nevertheless, have been much pleased with the greeting extended to her when she came on the stage. No wonder people fall in love with her; she is a whole show in herself, and somehow, the stage seems to lose its magic when she is in the center of the scene. The greatest of artists was right when he said, "the whole secret of oratory was manner." Fanny Rice has manner to give away, and it is of the brain that some of her more pretentious rivals would give their cunningest hang to possess. If she could not sing a note it would be all the same. People forget to listen when they look at her. A sunny face, with never the same expression for two moments together, a plump and pleasing person, and the movements of a beautiful dancer—might say—and that is the entire remembrance of Fanny Rice. *Good with fullness.*—*Memphis Appeal.*

Fanny Rice is by far and away the most delightful person who has visited the Angel City. She is so trimly English in her figure, so perfectly American in her face, and so deliciously French in her manners that to justly describe her would need a composite word made up from the three languages combined. *Los Angeles Times.*

Fanny Rice is one of the sweetest little soubrettes on the stage. She is pretty, graceful and chirpy. Her voice is sweet and melodious, and she has a certain indefinable magnetism about her that puts the audience and herself on the most intimate and pleasant relations. She was obliged to sing her notes over and over again, and presented a beautiful picture of good looks and sweetness when she tripped to the footlights to receive a handsome floral bouquet. *Los Angeles Tribune.*

Fascinating Fanny Rice was Nanon herself. For vivacity, naivete, and winsomeness this charming creature is beyond question, the most attractive article ever seen in comic opera in Cincinnati, and her presence upon the stage was the signal for continual smiles of satisfaction upon the part of the audience. She is a remarkably pleasing article and a treasure to Manager Carleton. *Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Fanny Rice was full of charming naivete and sang like a bird. Everybody likes Miss Rice, her voice is a sort of legal tender to the human heart. *Pittsburg Post.*

Fanny Rice, the prima donna soubrette, has gained

a great national reputation. Her popularity is so great as to be almost unique. *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Fanny Rice, that bewitching little creature, that veritable queen of hearts, whose phrases are sung by the art critics and the public everywhere in rhetorical measure—well she was Nanon, and if this measure of her lacks coherence, the writer must plead simple humanity. Only a stone could be insensible to her merry presence. *Nashville Daily American.*

Fanny Rice, that bright particular star that never fails to send its rays down into the very heart of the audience. Her Nanon is the most pleasing ever worked here. When she says so often, "Isn't he sweet?" could her "drummer-lover" turn that smiling face of hers and ask, "Isn't she sweet?" it is quite certain an affirmative response would be given by most rapturous applause on the part of the audience. *Washington News.*

Fanny Rice, as Nanon, was the ideal, was perfect. It is enough to say that no better could be hoped for. *Washington Republican.*

Fanny Rice was most delightful. Whether the charm lies in her bright face and irrepressible liveliness of movement, or in that sweet voice with the plaintive, childish undertone, nobody can say. But everybody declares that she possesses a magnetism that cannot be resisted. People who see her feel as if she were akin to them, and they are proud of her. The temptation to rush forward and chuck her under the chin is so great that somebody in front will do it one of these days, and then Emma Abbott's exploit in Nashville will be laid in the shade forever. *Memphis Appeal.*

Miss Fanny Rice, as Lydia, in Dorothy, emphasized her former triumph. She is by long odds the brightest soubrette on the lyric stage. *Omaha Excelsior.*

Fanny Rice is a hard-working, conscientious little artist, who works as earnestly to make the part a success as if it were her first appearance before the public. She has a great deal of humor and an attractive ingenuousness. Her voice is heard most agreeably in comic opera, and, generally speaking, Fanny Rice is a very valuable little woman in the company. *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Fanny Rice, always a clever, reliable artist, gained

fresh honors last night in the role of Elsa. She is so good-natured, so natural, her face so spontaneous and her voice so fresh, that it is a treat to listen to her and look at her. *San Francisco Post.*

Fanny Rice is singing much better than before, and acts with the same fascinating piquancy. *San Francisco News Letter.*

Fanny Rice has improved in singing, and makes a pretty little Elsa. *San Francisco Figure.*

Fanny Rice, an old favorite, bids fair to become more popular than ever. There is a piquancy and humor in her comedy scenes which would carry her through if her singing were less effective than it is. *San Francisco Bulletin.*

Miss Rice was very piquant, dancing and singing herself nearly out of breath. Her play was also heartily endorsed by the audience. *San Francisco Call.*

Fanny Rice, that little woman, was favorably as usual. Her Javotte was an admirable portrayal of the regular, rollicking character. She sang with her usual good taste and expression. *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Pretty little Fanny Rice as Nanon, as Elsa, and as Javotte, was irresistible. Her acting is simply bewitching, and her presence makes merry the entire audience. She has captured the hearts of everybody in Nashville. Choicest blessings be ever with her. *Nashville Correspondent to the New York Mirror.*

To be in the swim with all other critics and the public, one has to go into raptures over that jolly, chubby little bundle of vivacity, Fanny Rice, who laughed, danced, prattled and flitted through the opera as Javotte. Every man in the audience instantly yielded up his good will to the merry, little maiden, while every lady present admired her so much that she forgot to grow jealous of her share of the good graces of her escort. *Daily Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

But the honors of the evening were captured by Fanny Rice as Elsa. She was so earnest and sprightly, so full of graceful abandon and chic that she fairly captivated the audience. In the last act she won a triple recall. *Detroit Tribune.*

Dear little Fanny Rice quite captivated the audience. She was delightful, both in acting and singing, and was

repeatedly recalled. She is nothing less than a pet here. *Detroit Evening News.*

Fanny Rice was the great feature of the evening, and her bewitching way of interpreting Elsa brought down the house again and again, half a dozen encores being demanded for one of her songs. It had been feared that she would contrast badly with Jessie Bartlett Davis, who did the part here last, and although her voice is not equal to Davis', yet Davis never dreamt of bringing out of the part what Alice has done. In the duo in the last act her witchery was simply irresistible. *Salt Lake Herald.*

Miss Rice sang superbly and danced with a vim perfectly bewildering. When it is said this clever little lady received no less than four encores to one song, some idea may be formed of how she "caught on" with the audience. *Omaha Republican.*

Miss Rice, as Lydia, was wonderfully fascinating. *Los Angeles Herald.*

Fanny Rice kept the audience in good humor all evening. Miss Rice deserves special mention for her resource of ability throughout the series of operas given last night she made a big hit, not only by her really clever acting, but also by reason of the delightful vocal display. Miss Rice is chic without being vulgar, and is a graceful dancer without being a "high kicker." *Omaha Republican.*

Fanny Rice has improved vocally. She was a charming little Elsa. *San Francisco Examiner.*

It was nothing short of an ovation which greeted Miss Fanny Rice on her first appearance. The house rang with applause. *Los Angeles Daily Herald.*

Fanny Rice as Nanon is simply charming, and her naive query, "Isn't he sweet?" was applied by the audience to herself. *Mobile Times.*

Fanny Rice, everybody fell in love with the charming, chubby little cherub at first sight. It she couldn't sing a note she would be indispensable. A rollicking, rollicking, happy creature, she seems to fill the whole stage with her merry presence, and from the first was a great favorite. She has a saucy face, plump figure and an everything goes air that is simply irresistible. Her Javotte is the best on the stage, and in applauding her the

audience only testifies to its own powers of appreciation. *Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.*

Fanny Rice has greatly improved since last season, both in acting and singing; her studies with Max Maretsek have borne good fruit, and have gone far to make her an accomplished artist. *San Francisco Call.*

Fanny Rice sang with ease and assurance. Study has strengthened and regulated her pleasant voice. *San Francisco Report.*

Fanny Rice, as Lydia in Dorothy, was admirable. *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Fanny Rice is decidedly the best Nanon ever seen on our stage, and at once wins the favor of an audience by her grace and archness. *Philadelphia Dispatch.*

Fanny Rice has never been surpassed in the role of Nanon. *Philadelphia Sunday Republic.*

Miss Fanny Rice remains The Nanon, being a thorough artist and charming in form and feature. *Taggart's Times, Philadelphia.*

Fanny Rice shared the honors with Mr. Carleton. Her Javotte is piquant, graceful and deliciously saucy. She sang and acted with artistic skill, and was obliged to repeat her love ditties several times. Her minstrel song with dance is an uncommonly neat and tasteful bit. *Detroit Free Press.*

Fanny Rice, as Elsa did the best thing of the week. She has made a decided hit here. *Cleveland Leader.*

Fanny Rice is Lotta set to music. She is a charming actress, as well as a vocalist, and is as full of action and melody as a canary bird in love. *Albany (N. Y.) Post.*

Fanny Rice is a humming-bird that sings. Her charm extends to every one who sees her, and she lends color and brightness to every scene in which she appears. *Memphis Scimitar.*

Fanny Rice acted and sang with a grace and chic that is indescribable, and goes far to justify her awarded title of "The American Aimer." *San Francisco Wasp.*

It remained for Miss Fanny Rice, in the subordinate character of Javotte, to capture the laudels. She was extra fascinating, a rollicking, sprightly, capturing bit of vivacity and rippling fun. Whenever she appeared the smiling glances and hearty applause of the audience followed her. *Birmingham Herald Alabama.*

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ments made by him are true, some untrue, and all re-
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New Orleans, April 26, 1888.

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